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LOST!

BY C. J.

Among the Summer woods we met;
The Summer scents are round me yet,
Too fresh and fragrant to forget:

For—by what magic who shall say?—
A thought brings back each vanished day
Of that green Summer far away.

And in the golden light we stand
Together in a distant land—
Again together, hand in hand.

And strangely fair, a girlish face
And slender form recall the grace
Of some old dryad of the place.

Again the murmur of the stream
Flows singing onward through our dream;
Ag.in the silver waters gleam.

And low and clear the cushats call,
And soft the hawthorn-blossoms fall,
And God's blue heav'en is over all!

* * * * * * *

O buried love! O distant shore!
O time no season can restore!
O days that shall return no more!

For waves no earthly back may ride
And awful waters deep and wide,
The living from the dead divide!

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

IT was only a tall young man, wrapped in a fur coat, and bearing on his face the signs of long and severe illness, with a terrible scar on his temple.

He came forward slowly, looking steadfastly all the time at Mr. Rigby.

Then he held out his hand to him.

"Do you not know me?" he cried. "Am I so changed that even you do not know me?"

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Mr. Rigby. "Who are you? Have you risen from the dead?"

"I have had a merciful and wonderful escape from death.

"Do you not know me?"

With white face and wild eyes, Mr. Rigby went nearer to him.

"You are Bertie Hyde," he said; and even to his own ears his voice seemed to die away in a ghostly whisper.

"I am Bertie Hyde.

"But what a welcome!

"I can hardly think you are my old friend Mr. Rigby."

"But, my dearest boy, you forgot! We thought you were drowned—dead."

"Shake hands with me first then. When you realize that I am alive and in the flesh, you will doubtless be able to speak sensibly to me."

He held out his hand; but the expression of the lawyer's face was so dubious that he laughed aloud.

"Shake hands," he repeated; and Mr. Rigby went through the ceremony.

"You see, my hand is warm enough, and I am genuine flesh and blood," he said. "I did expect a kindlier greeting than this from you, Mr. Rigby."

"My dear boy, I cannot believe either my eyes or my ears.

"You are Bertie Hyde?"

"I am indeed Bertie Hyde."

"May heaven be praised!" said the lawyer reverently; his senses were returning, his calm judgment was reasserting itself. "Then you were not drowned, after all?"

"No.

"If I had been, I could scarcely be here."

"But we never dreamed that there was the slightest possibility of your having escaped.

"Why for days the Royal Alice was cruising about where the Princess Maud sank!"

"I will tell you all about my escape later, Mr. Rigby.

"It was almost miraculous. Tell me now for my heart is aching with suspense—how is my father?"

The lawyer threw up his hands with a gesture of dismay.

"Your father," he said—"your poor father!"

"How is he?" asked the young man impatiently.

"Is he alive and well?"

"He is alive, but not well. The loss of his sons—dear me!—I mean of his son—in fact, Mr. Hyde, I am so thunder-stricken that I do not know what I am saying.

"I beg your pardon—you are Lord Hyde now."

"Yes: unfortunately I am Lord Hyde," he returned.

"My poor brother was not saved. I would gladly have given my life for his, but I had no chance. But tell me about my father, Mr. Rigby."

"The loss of the Princess Maud was a terrible blow to him," said the old man. "He has never got over it.

"Lady Marcia and myself were both afraid that he would die."

"Die?" repeated the young man very gravely.

"Surely not!"

"We were very much afraid of it," said Mr. Rigby.

"But, now that I have recovered my senses, which were almost scared away, let me find your lordship a chair. You look pale and ill. Come to the fire; you are cold.

"Let me order you some hot soup or brandy."

"I should prefer some coffee," said Lord Hyde; and the lawyer rang for it.

"Your lordship must excuse me," remarked Mr. Rigby.

"I have never had such a surprise in my life.

"We must be careful—we must indeed—how we tell the Earl, lest he die of the surprise.

"Joy does kill sometimes, you know."

"If it should kill him, I shall be sorry that the sea did not swallow me up," said Lord Hyde.

"My dear old father!

"I can never tell what I have suffered for his sake, knowing how he loved us, and what he would suffer thinking we were dead."

"I wonder that you did not communicate with him, either by letter or telegram," said Mr. Rigby.

"I could not.

"You may be quite sure that I should have done so if I could.

"When you hear my story, you will admit that it was impossible.

"When I remember all that I have suffered, I wonder to find myself here at all. And how is dear aunt Marcia?"

"Well—but always crying about you. Dear me, now I remember it, how strange that her dream should come true!"

"What dream?" asked Lord Hyde; and Mr. Rigby repeated it to him.

"The most remarkable part of it," he concluded, "is that, when the time came for the funeral, they could find only one body."

"What an extraordinary thing!" cried Lord Hyde.

"What will she think when she sees me?"

As Mr. Rigby sat watching the young man drinking his coffee, his thoughts became too absorbing for words.

How strange that not even to him, who flattered himself that he could always "look round a thing," had the possibility of escape for either of the Earl's sons occurred! The evidence was clear that they were standing together on deck when the steamer went down.

Neither of them had been seen again, either by the survivors or by the crew of the Royal Alice, which had gone to the aid of the lost vessel.

"It is a strange thing," he said at last musingly—"the idea never occurred to any one that one or both of you might have escaped drowning—no one, not even Lady Marcia.

"Was any one else saved besides yourself?"

"Yes; one man was saved with me. We were picked up together. He was more injured than I was, and will be longer getting over it.

"Alaric and I knew him very well on board the steamer."

"I should like to know," said the lawyer, "if you can tell me in a few brief words, how you were saved. I cannot make up my mind yet that you are alive and in the flesh."

"Give me another cup of this excellent coffee, and I shall be able to tell you everything, Mr. Rigby.

"I feel much better now—I was ill when I came in.

"How many scores of times I have gone over this scene in fancy with you! The Tichborne hero haunted me; for in my sleep I was always thinking what I should do if any one doubted my identity—how I should prove it, what witnesses I could bring."

"As though your father could forget you, Lord Hyde!" cried the lawyer.

"I do not say that he would or could. I am pretty sure on that score, bless him! It was a nightmare.

"I tell you what," he continued, looking with eager earnestness into the lawyer's face; "it might be a very difficult matter for a man to prove that he was himself. Suppose I had stopped away twenty years longer, would any one have known me?"

"I should say that at the end of sixty years you could have claimed your own," said Mr. Rigby.

"Your memory is good, and you would have made out your identity."

"I have felt like an old-fashioned hero of romance all the time," remarked Lord Hyde.

"I do not think while I live, I shall ever go to sea again."

"You must have suffered terribly. You look as though you had been ill for months."

"I have been, and I have a strange sensation always, as though I should like to fall asleep and never wake, as though I could never have sufficient rest.

"I shall be obliged if you will let me lie down on that couch presently and sleep for an hour."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Mr. Rigby hastily. "It is not a good sign. What is that wound? It looks red and angry still."

"Yes; I must have advice about it. It is the secret, I suspect, of all the mischief. I will give you an outline of my story; then you will be quite sure of my identity, and I shall be at rest. We had a most prosperous voyage.

"Our vessel left New York under the brightest auspices; the captain prophesied a good run; and my brother and I were very happy, always talking and thinking of home, and of how pleased the dear old father would be to see us, and aunt Marcia, who stood to us in the place of a mother. We had cases full of presents for them from all parts, that they might see we had never forgotten them.

"We had been away from home two years, and Alaric said to me, 'I shall never, never leave England again, Bertie. I have seen enough of the world. Give me dear Old England now;' and I agreed with him.

"It was a strange thing," Bertie continued "that Alaric had always felt a superstitious dread of this voyage—why I could not imagine.

"Often, when the sun was setting over the broad expanse of waters, he would stand watching the sea and the sky. 'That is just how the sun is setting over Poole, Bertie,' he would say.

"'Ah if we were but at home!' He told me that, when he was tired or sleepy, the low wash of the water against the side of the steamer always recalled to him the rush of the river at home.

"There seemed to be something weighing on his mind, yet he was generally cheerful.

"I cannot tell how the accident happened; and, as the captain, with all the crew, were lost, in all probability no one will ever know.

"We were near the Irish coast, and a dense fog rolled over the waters. That doubtless caused the mischief."

"Most likely," interjected Mr. Rigby, with a nod.

"No one however seemed to entertain a thought of danger.

"We were so near home—ah me, so near home!

"Alaric and I were on deck, talking—you may guess how eagerly—about Poole. Suddenly a terrible crash was heard as the good ship struck on a rock. I shall never forget it.

"It was as though she were a living creature and had groaned aloud.

"The shock sent us all reeling; then for one moment there was silence like that of death.

"The steamer seemed to be trying to steady herself.

"Then some one cried out that the ship had struck and was settling down. Never—live as long as I may—shall I forget the scene that followed.

"The captain and the chief officers were all energy.

"The discipline and self-control were admirable.

"The captain said that there would be plenty of time to lower the boats, that, with attention and care, obedience to orders, and self-control, no soul on board need be lost.

"The women and the children were placed in order, so that they might be lowered first into the boats. Women are heroic in the face of danger.

"Many of those present were delicately-nurtured ladies, and they encountered death without one word or cry.

"From first to last I never heard a sound of fear or dismay, except from—but the children——

"Pray Heaven," he broke off passionately "that, whatever, else befall you, you may never see children drown at sea! Their frightened cries and screams appalled the stoutest amongst us—they will always ring in my ears; and some of the children were such little ones, still clinging with frantic cries to their mothers, their fair little faces distorted with fear.

"Pray Heaven you may never hear the cries of children—little children—drowning at sea!

"Alaric and I stood on the deck.

"We had rendered all the help we could; and we stood with the other male passengers, watching the placing of the women in the boats.

"I remember that we threw our arms each around the other's neck, just as we used to do when we were boys; and Alaric said to me, 'Stand firm, Bertie; we shall be saved.'

"I can see his face now; it was pale, but brave and bright. I had a woman's longing to kiss it.

"'Stand firm Bertie,' he repeated, when, he saw the longing in my eyes."

Here the young fellow's composure gave way.

He bowed his head on his hands and wept passionate tears.

"My brother, my brother," he cried, "would that I had died for you!"

The lawyer felt his eyes grow dim with tears.

He could picture the scene so well—the fair-haired elder brother impressing on the younger one to "stand firm."

Bertie, Lord Hyde, raised his face all wet with tears.

"I am not ashamed of my grief," he said.

"No one who had such a brother could help mourning that he was dead;" and he sobbed bitterly.

"I am sure he continued, after a pause, "that in both our minds the thought of our father was uppermost.

"Then we heard from the passengers who surrounded us murmured fears lest the boats might be too full.

"'There need be no hurry,' said one; 'it is not long since the ship struck. We shall all be saved.'

"Alaric said to me, 'Bertie, let us trust in Heaven, not to man; let us repeat the prayers aunt Marcia taught us when we were children.'

"So, with the waves breaking round us, with the cries of the little ones and the deep hoarse voices of the men in our ears, we stood, my brother Alaric and I, and repeated the prayers that aunt Marcia had taught us.

"The last words were on our lips, when suddenly the vessel gave a terrible lurch; a terrible cry—the death-scream of hundreds of human beings—went up like an appeal to Heaven, and the next moment the Princess Maud was sinking fast.

"Oh, the awful sound of the water as it rushed into the ship!

"There was no further hope. I saw two boat-loads of women and children sucked down in the vortex of waters. Then my brother's clasp round my neck tightened. 'Kiss me, Bertie!' he said; and we kissed each other.

"Even in that dread moment, I remember, there was the bright steadfast look as of an angel on his face—the next we were in the foaming waters.

"We went down into the depths together, but in the descent we were parted. A huge beam struck my brother as we fell and he went down like lead.

"I shall never forget it—I pray Heaven sometimes that I may—the roar as of thunder, the horrible chasm in the sea as the vessel sank, the sea literally alive for a few few moments with human beings. I was always a good swimmer," Bertie went on. "Alaric did not like the sea; he would never learn to swim.

"When I rose to the surface, I saw floating near some spars, as though it had been sent there by Providence, a cork-jacket. Dozens of them had been placed ready for the male passengers; but there had not been time to use them.

"I grasped it, put it on, and struck away from the scene of the wreck. I swam out to the sea, following a boat, the only one saved.

"But I lost sight of it, and eventually I was picked up by the captain of the Victor, a sailing-vessel bound for New Zealand. But by that time I had lost all consciousness; indeed I was almost dead."

Lord Hyde paused for a few moments.

"I do not remember much about the voyage to New Zealand," he said. "I lay for many weeks unconscious; no one ever thought I should recover. They were very attentive to me.

"The doctor did all he could for me; the captain could not have been kinder had I been his own son.

"But the long hours in the water, the terrible exertion, the shock, had brought on fever, and many long weeks passed before I was able to articulate even my own name.

"When I did come to my senses, I found myself on a sailing-ship in mid-ocean, bound for a strange and unknown country.

"Had it been a less remote land than New Zealand, I should have felt more comfortable; but I had too much reason to be grateful to Heaven to trouble about this.

"The ship called at the Cape; but I was unconscious then.

"There has never been insanity in our family; nevertheless I can fancy that for many weeks after I lost my brother I was mad.

"Then, unhappily, the Victor met with bad weather, and she did not reach Wellington until more than four months after she had left Liverpool, which was one month after she was due.

"My first thought was of my father—to write to him and tell him of my miraculous escape, and that I was still living; but the fever returned more than before, and for five or six weeks I was again helpless. The wonder is that is that I am alive to tell the tale.

"I must have died but for the kindness of an Englishman, a friend of the captain's. I was in his house quite five weeks, sick unto death.

"Fortunately, when the accident occured, I had money about me.

"When I recovered, and told him who I was, he lent me more to pay my passage home.

"I thought long and deeply of my poor father.

"I knew now that he must believe me dead; and I dared not write to him, lest, as you were saying, the sudden joy might kill him.

"Besides, I found that the mail-steamer, the Ocean Foam, left Wellington for Liverpool in the course of a few days, and that I should reach England as soon as a letter. I tried to keep my secret on board; but it was impossible; and a rumor has already appeared in the *Times* that from the wreck of the Princess Maud two passengers were rescued.

"I reached England only yesterday, and have come straight to you, Mr. Rigby, fearing the ill-effects of a sudden shock to my father.

"When I read the paragraph in the *Times* this morning, I wondered if he would think of me."

"A paragraph in the *Times*!

"I have not seen it," cried Mr. Rigby. "But I remember—I have not opened the *Times*.

"I have not had leisure to read it. I feel equally sure that your father has not had leisure, or he would have been over here before now, or would have sent for me."

"Well," said Lord Hyde, "if you will let me go to sleep for an hour, we can then settle what shall be done."

Mr. Rigby placed a pillow for his head, and covered him with a rug.

"Will your lordship not go into the house?" he asked.

"You will be more comfortable there."

"No," he replied.

"I prefer to remain with you. The moment I am alone I hear all those terrible cries again, and go through the whole of that awful scene.

"Let me remain with you."

Mr. Rigby closed the window, so that the cawing of the rooks might not be heard. In a few seconds it seemed to the lawyer that the young lord was asleep.

Mr. Rigby did not like the young man's present state of health at all; it was a bad sign.

He looked at the white face, marked and worn with pain, at the angry wound that showed so plainly, at the sunken eyes, and a great fear came over him.

"It would have been far better that he should never have returned at all than have come home to die," he thought; "and I am afraid it looks more like that than anything else."

The young lord slumbered restlessly, murmuring of his brother Alaric—always of his brother Alaric.

Then he woke with a violent start, crying out that he was gone—gone; Alaric was gone. "I beg your pardon" he said.

"I am ashamed of myself but I never sleep well now."

"A few weeks of good nursing, fresh air, and cheerful society will set that right," said Mr. Rigby.

The young lord's eyes filled with tears.

"The world will never be cheerful without Alaric," he said.

"We left home together, and I do not like returning without him.

"I can hear his voice every moment—'Stand firm, Bertie!'

"Ah, would to Heaven that I could have died for him!"

The lawyer was profoundly touched. He remembered how fondly they had been attached to each other when children, how rarely they had been separated when lads, being together in everything—in studies and sports, pastimes and pleasures. Such loving brothers they had been, often to be met by the river-side, their arms entwined, singing at the top of their clear shrill voices and known to all the country-side as "the Earl's little lads."

They had started on a long journey together, and only one had returned.

The world could never be the same again to Bertie Hyde, now that his brother was dead.

"What are we to do?" asked Mr. Rigby. "You will like, of course, to go to Poole at once; but we must be careful I know what the surprise was to me; to your father it would be dangerous.

"The matter must be broken to him by degrees.

"I had better go myself and see Lord Cradoc at once."

"Let me go with you," pleaded the young lord.

"Indeed I could not bear to be left alone.

"What if we should meet him, and he should recognize you?"

"Let us go in a close carriage, and I can wait outside until you come for me."

"That will do," returned Mr. Rigby; and he rang the bell and gave the necessary order.

"I know, for your father's sake, you will do your best to exercise some self-control."

"I should be all right," said Lord Hyde, with a deep-drawn breath. "If it were not for the thought of Alaric lying in the depths of the sea, while I am restored to those dear to me."

"That is only natural; but you have the living to think of as well as the dead. Only imagine the joy of your father and the happiness of dear Lady Marcia! It is worth while to endure suffering for the sake of the happiness afterwards."

"If Alaric were but here now!" sighed Bertie.

"Alaric is in a better world," said Mr. Rigby.

"Remember his own words to you—'Stand firm, Bertie!'"

"I will remember them," he promised; but he was trembling with excitement, and the deadly pallor had given place to a fiery hectic flush.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE carriage came to the door, and the two men took their places.

"Tell the man to drive slowly," said Lord Hyde.

So through the familiar scenes they went.

The first faint breath of spring was in the air, the odor of violets was wafted to them, and at times in the thick hedgerows there was a gleam of the yellow primrose, while here and there a tree was budding.

Little was said as the carriage rolled along the highway.

When they came within sight of the river Lord Hyde uttered a little cry.

The Wray was more beautiful than usual that morning, as it rushed along gleaming in the sunlight.

Then they approached the great park gates.

"What a glorious morning it is!" said the lawyer.

"One might fancy the sun was shining to do you honor."

Lord Hyde looked out from the carriage window at the grand old trees in the park. A sudden cry from his lips attracted the lawyer's attention.

"Look, Mr. Rigby!" he cried. "Who is that beautiful girl at the park gates?"

"A young lady staying at Poole," he replied.

Suddenly it occurred to him that in his agitation he had not said a word to Lord Hyde about the Earl's plans or the visitors at the house.

"Better for me to be silent now on these points," he thought.

"The Earl will prefer to explain it all himself.

"I need only tell Lord Hyde who they are."

"What a lovely girl!" cried Bertie.

"What an exquisite face! What glorious hair!

"What is she doing?"

"Feeding some half-starved robins," replied Mr. Rigby, with a laugh. "That is just like Daphne."

"Daphne? Daphne?" cried the young lord impatiently.

"Daphne Erlecote—a distant relative of your father's, of whom he will tell you more by-and-by."

"Daphne Erlecote?" repeated the young man.

"A pretty name! She is standing just where aunt Marcia stood when Alaric and I bade her farewell—near the two great chestnut-trees."

The bare branches of the trees met above Daphne's head, their delicate tracery standing out clear and distinct against the sky; the sunshine fell on the golden hair, which the wind had disarranged, on the beautiful face with the radiant eyes and sweet lips, on the little white hands which scattered bread and seed to the hungry birds.

Daphne, hearing the carriage wheels, turned her head.

Then, seeing Mr. Rigby's face, she ran towards him.

"Good morning, Mr. Rigby," she cried. "Why have you driven over in a close carriage, when the air is so balmy and the sun shining?"

"I am here on business, and I am not alone," stammered the lawyer.

Then Daphne averted her eyes.

"How are they all at the house this morning, Miss Erlecote?"

She laughed such a merry ringing laugh that it stirred the young lords heart.

"They are all very cross. Even the Earl is put out.

"Some one has made away with the *Times* this morning, and he is naturally displeased about it. But I must go back to my birds.

"They are so hungry!"

And she ran off

"Some one has made away with the *Times*!" thought the lawyer. "That is a very strange story.

"Who would be likely to do such a thing as that?"

He remembered what the young lord had said—that there was a paragraph in it that morning about the passengers saved from the wreck of the Princess Maud.

The paper must surely have been taken by some one who dreaded the Earl's seeing this—Lady Marcia, without doubt, always so careful and considerate for her brother-in-law.

A sudden turn in the drive, and before them stood the grand old mansion, just as Bertie had left it so long before. The tears sprang to the young lord's eyes

"Home once more," he said—"and, please Heaven, I will never leave it again! Oh, if Alaric were but with me, I should be happy indeed!"

The carriage stopped, and from the window near the great hall door came the sound of a girl's voice singing, rich, full, and clear.

By a strange coincidence the words sung were those of the Earl's favorite song—

"But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
When the sea gives up its dead."

Irene was singing it to him, Arran Darleigh leaning enraptured over her chair.

Lord Hyde looked at Mr. Rigby.

"Another young lady?" he queried.

"Yes; your lordship will find wonders now at Poole," said Mr. Rigby.

"Now will you sit here until I come to you?

"Sit well back in the carriage, lest you should be seen."

He was terribly agitated, this young heir who had returned so suddenly to his father's house.

His hands trembled, his face quivered with emotion.

To be so near, and yet not dare to enter! Indeed to be there at all without Alaric!

Mr. Rigby descended slowly from the carriage.

He was suspiciously long in mounting the steps.

The thought of the coming interview appalled him.

What if he should blunder in the telling, and the Earl should die?

"A woman would do it much better than a man," he thought; "I will ask for Lady Marcia."

He could hear Irene singing and the Earl speaking.

At times Arran sang a few notes in a deep rich bass.

Lady Ryeford was in the music-room with them.

Everything seemed just as usual; there was no unusual stir or excitement; evidently they had heard no news—yet was Lord Hyde at the very door.

It was the old butler, Grey, who showed Mr. Rigby to the library, knowing that he generally saw the Earl there.

The lawyer closed the door in mysterious silence.

"Grey," he asked "has there been news of any kind this morning?"

"No, sir—none that I am aware of."

"I want to see Lady Marcia Hyde, Grey. But do not let any one know I am here just yet.

"My business is important."

No one understood his duties better than Grey.

He found the means of bringing Lady Marcia to the library unseen by any one.

"I want to speak to you, Lady Marcia, on a very important matter. You can spare me a few minutes? Where is the Earl?" inquired the lawyer.

"In the music-room with Miss Ryeford," she replied, wondering a little at his evident agitation and troubled face.

"I hope," he said, "that we shall not be interrupted. I feel this is a matter of life or death."

"Life or death!" repeated Lady Marcia. "You alarm me. Death has been cruel to us.

"What is the matter, Mr. Rigby?"

"Nothing in the sense of disaster," he told her—"nothing in the shape of sorrow—just the contrary.

"Suppose you had to deliver the happiest message that could be brought even by an angel from heaven, what should you imagine it would be?"

"I do not see how there can be any happy message for us in this world," said Lady Marcia.

"I cannot tell what you mean, Mr. Rigby."

"What was the greatest trouble of your life?" he asked gently.

She looked at him reproachfully.

"You know well.

"Why allude to that?" she asked; and her eyes filled with tears.

He was silent; but the very silence was eloquent. Lady Marcia gazed earnestly at him.

"It cannot have anything to do with that," she said.

"It has indeed something to do with that. That was the greatest trouble of your life; now what would be the greatest blessing?"

She grew very pale, and stretched out her hands as though her sight was failing.

Quickly he drew a chair forward.

"Pray be seated, Lady Marcia," he said, "and pray be calm.

"I have a most difficult task before me, and unless you come to my aid, I shall make a blunder of it, and then there will be terrible mischief.

"Do not fail me.

"I have asked for your help because I feel I can rely upon you as one of the most capable woman I know."

"You must not keep me in suspense," she returned, in a low voice. "I can bear anything but that—the sharpest grief, the bitterest pain.

"Anything is better than suspense. Tell me in few words what you have to say; I can bear it."

She looked deathly pale, but calm and collected.

"I have to tell you some of the very best news in the world," he said; "it is concerning the Princess Maud."

A tremor passed over her.

"I thought it was that. Be quick, Mr. Rigby."

"One of them was saved; only one drowned—not both. Bertie is at home again."

He was not surprised that she made him no answer, but fell upon her knees and sobbed out her gratitude to Heaven. He stood by her in silence for a few minutes; then he said to her gently—

"Forgive me, Lady Marcia; but every moment is precious.

"I must tell the Earl, and I am seriously afraid that the surprise may be fatal to him.

"I want you to help me."

"You must give me a few minutes, and then I will," she replied.

She stood perfectly still for a brief space—whether she was praying, or weeping, or thinking he could not tell. Then she turned to him.

"I am ready," she said. "I will send for the Earl."

It was some few minutes before the Earl entered the room.

He looked up in surprise when he saw the lawyer.

"I am glad to see you this beautiful morning," he said.

"What a difference sunshine makes! Why, Marcia," he cried, suddenly catching sight of her, "what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," she replied.

"But, my dear Marcia, you look so unspeakably happy—almost transfigured!"

"What a fancy, Thane!" she said. "It may be the brightness of the morning reflected on my face."

Then Lord Cradoc, waited to see whether Mr. Rigby's presence was due to any matter of business, or if he had simply called as

a matter of compliment after the dinner-party.

But the lawyer said nothing.

His cheery, kindly face was pale and anxious now that he was face to face with his task.

"Have a glass of sherry, Rigby," said the Earl.

"I will join you."

The sherry was brought and drunk; still no word was spoken.

For the first time in his life the lawyer lost his courage.

The sight of the pale high-bred face of the old Earl, the white hair, the thin hands, struck him as it never had before. Suddenly he remembered the *Times*.

"Has your lordship seen the *Times* this morning?" he asked.

"No;" and Lord Cradoc told the story of the disappearance of his favorite newspaper.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Poor Sample.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"NO, I will never marry a woman unless I am morally certain that she loves me for myself alone," remarked Captain Oliver Desmond, twirling his cane in his well-gloved hands.

"What, not even Miss Long?" asked his friend, Carl Sanders, with a smile of amusement on his plain, shrewd face, at this anything but original sentiment.

"No, not even Miss Long.

"By the way, Sanders, I've an idea that girl fancies me, or my position and wealth, I don't know which.

"I say, my boy, wouldn't it be a huge joke to play a little trick on the lady, and learn the real state of her heart at the same time?

"I might suddenly announce that I had become poor, as the heroes in novels do, only it would be deuced hard work keeping up the romance in this broiling hot weather."

"If Miss Long really loved you, your pretended poverty would not be a straw in the path," exclaimed Carl Sanders, with a touch of earnestness in his usually nonchalant tones.

"Your faith in woman is very great," answered Captain Desmond, with a light sneering laugh.

"I have known Miss Long for many years and judge her accordingly," returned his companion curtly.

"But I think you may find a rival in the field in the shape of Jack Denning.

"What that baggarly lawyer fellow?" cried the other incredulously.

"Why he hasn't a cent to bless himself with.

"Refuse the son of Lady Mary Desmond for a cad like that?

"Come now, Sanders, that is really too bad!"

And the Captain drew himself to his superb height of six feet two, and stroked his blonde whiskers complacently.

"But has she given you any encouragement?" cried his companion, and if there were a touch of irony in his voice, it was not perceptible to the listener.

"Encouragement?

"Oh, women never do that sort of thing openly, you know," returned the other blandly.

"It's a regular art with them.

"I believe I'll propose to the girl to-night."

"And risk a refusal by precipitating matters."

"No danger, my dear boy.

"Even if I tried the poverty dodge, she would jump at the chance.

"The very idea of my fearing that Denning as a rival.

"A man like him without birth or fortune is a poor sample.

"But come, old fellow, we must return to our quarters at the hotel, or our toilettes will not bear inspection when the festivities of the evening begin."

As the two men sauntered carelessly on, a slight figure suddenly arose from a bench just behind the little rose-covered arbor where the gentlemen had been enjoying the solace of a fragrant Havana, and brought to view a very piquant face and a graceful head, whose dark locks were surmounted by the very daintiest of showy muslin caps.

"Mon Dieu!" cried this small person wrathfully, stamping her slippered foot in anything but an amiable manner.

"It is that conceited Englishman.

"Ugh! how I detest the whole nation! How dare he talk so of my dear young mistress?

"Not so do Frenchmmen talk of the women they love.

"How fortunate that I just sat down in the shade a moment to finish the last page of that lovely novel Alphonse left me, or ——"

"Marie—Marie! where have you hidden yourself?"

It was a very musical voice that rang out on the still afternoon air, and the little maid, with her eyes still bright, and her cheeks flushed with dire indignation, ran swiftly up the path to the great white house that stood on the brow of the hill, to answer her mistress' call in person, and the tiny arbor so lately tenanted was left to silence and solitude.

* * * * * * * *

"Miss Long, may I claim the pleasure of your company for a turn in the open air?"

It was evening, and the great drawing-rooms were thronged with guests.

There was music and flowers, and the low hum of conversation mingled with laughter as silvery as the musical notes themselves.

Colonel Long, a tall, stately old man, with keen grey eyes and iron-grey locks, stood on the threshold, entertaining a company of distinguished visitors with all his old-school courtesy and hospitality.

Kate Long, in a dress of fleecy white, with blush roses in her hair, and nestling in the folds of costly lace at her round, white throat, turned with a smile on her lips as Captain Desmond's voice fell on her ear, and for answer she laid her hand lightly on his offered arm, and stepped from the low window to the vine-shaded verandah without.

The coolness of the fresh night air was very grateful after the heat and glare of the crowded rooms, and they stood for a few moments in silence, looking at the gleam of the moonlight shimmering on the bosom of the blue, distant lake, and the weird shadows made by the moving branches of the trees as they rustled uneasily to and fro in the rising breeze.

Then Captain Desmond bent his tall head and with the soft, dangerous look in his eyes that had proved the fate of so many feminine hearts, looked tenderly into those of his companion.

"Miss Long—Kate, if you will let me call you by that dear name, I am a foreigner, but nowhere, not even on my own English soil, have I met a flower fair enough to woo me till I met you.

"I believe that there is an affinity between souls, and from the first time I saw your face I was drawn irresistibly towards you.

"I have aristocratic blood in my veins, and when I ask you to become my wife I ——"

"Captain Desmond, wait."

Miss Long had covered her face with her hands, and her white robed figure was shaking from head to foot with uncontrollable emotion.

"Before we speak further on this subject," she said brokenly—

"I must tell you a pitiful story.

"This is a great honor that you would confer upon me, but you must first know the miserable truth.

"Although I call him by the sacred name of father, I am not Colonel Long's daughter."

For a moment Captain Desmond stared in dumb amazement.

Then he gasped—

"Not Colonel Long's daughter?"

"No," answered the girl, with her face still hidden in her hands.

"My own father, in an evil moment, committed a deed that shadowed his fair fame, and brought him within the clutches of the law.

"When he died, Col. Long pitied me from the depths of his noble heart, and adopted me as his own.

"But every penny of his money goes to his only son, who is a young and promising student at West Point."

The tender light had faded from Captain Desmond's eyes, and his face was a study to gaze upon.

Really, this was more than he had bargained for.

A felon's daughter, indeed!

"I am truly sorry for you, Miss——" he did not utter the name Long.

"Poverty is trial enough, but disgrace is bitter indeed.

"You yourself know it is impossible to join an ancient and honorable name with one that rests under the circumstances, I cannot renew my offer.

"Even if my own feelings remained unchanged, I must consider those of my mother, who is proud and sensitive."

If the girl's form trembled before, it was actually convulsed now, and when she removed her hands from her face, Captain Desmond was perfectly speechless as he caught sight of its expression.

"I did not explain to you the nature of the disgrace," she said, vainly attempting to steady her voice.

"It was in my early youth that the dire deed was committed.

"One night, he and some companions equally thoughtless, scaled the college walls, and summed themselves by unhinging all the gates in the immediate neighborhood, and removing the signs from the principal shops, which they very considerately left in the graveyard of old St. Mark's.

"They were arrested and detained over night, and in the morning the judge discharged them after a severe reprimand, and they were allowed to resume their studies upon a solemn promise of better behavior in the future.

"Soon after this event he left college and entered the Naval Academy.

"I must not forget to add that he afterwards became the distinguished Commodore Long, and that he was the only and dearly loved brother of my uncle the colonel, who is also the guardian of my ample fortune."

The girl, standing there in her fresh beauty, with the laughter shining in her bright eyes and wreathing her red lips, was a prize in herself, and Captain Desmond, white with disappointment and anger, made a desperate effort to retrieve his error.

"Why did you deceive me so?" he began reproachfully.

"Because I thought it would be a joke to play a little trick on you, and discover the real state of your feelings at the same time.

"Moreover, I shall never marry a man till I am morally certain that he loves me for myself alone."

"But you will not reject my suit on account of my foolish words," cried the Captain, trying in vain to hide his astonishment at hearing his own words so literally reproduced.

"It grieves me deeply to say that I must decline that honor," answered Miss Long, with just a shade of scorn in her musical voice.

"I am already engaged, with the full consent of my uncle, to that beggarly lawyer fellow—that end, Jack Denning, who possesses a heart of gold, an honorable nature, and a keen intellect that will one day place him in the foremost rank of those who are best known to fame."

"But I love you," her companion managed to stammer.

"Do not deceive your own nature," she answered, drawing her graceful figure to its full height.

"You love no one but your own noble self, Captain Desmond.

"And when next you prate in public of your regard for a pure-minded woman, be sure there is no little serving-maid, whose loyal nature should shame your baser one, hidden away behind the arbor, where you smoke your fragrant Havana, and speak words as light as the smoke that curls upwards from it and vanishes in the mid air.

"Good night."

When Captain Desmond next saw Kate Long, she was standing just within the door of the conservatory, leaning on the arm of her betrothed, a proud smile in her fine eyes as she looked up into the face of the noble-looking man who had won her heart.

And when, a moment later, he went down the steps of the varandah for the last time, he fully realized in his inmost soul the knowledge he would have scoffed at an hour before, that even with the added blessings of birth and fortune a man can be a poor sample.

THE BRAIN.—The brain is a most wonderful and elaborately constructed organ, which regulates the movements of most of the other parts of the body, very much as a general and his staff regulate the movements of an army.

Each particular portion of it would appear to have its special command; so that if this portion becomes diseased, the organs which it controls are no longer capable of well-ordered movements; or if it be excited, these self-same organs may be made to execute their special movements.

In other words, it has been shown by the labors of many experimenters that there are in the brain certain centres of what is termed motor activity—i. e., when these particular parts of the brain are affected, certain muscular acts are either prevented or produced.

The experiments of Ferrier on this subject are of particular interest.

He found that upon applying the terminals of an induction coil to particular parts of the brain he could call forth certain actions, and he was thus enabled to make a rabbit munch, a cat move its foot and leg as if seizing a mouse, and a dog wag its tail from side to side.

From the precise locality in which the brain excitement was produced he was able to predict the nature of the motion which would be called forth.

These observations apply to what is called the "cerebrum" or large brain; for it will be understood that the brain is divided roughly into the "cerebrum," and the cerebellum, or little brain, which placed at the back of the head.

A curious fact with regard to this cerebellum was discovered by Ferrier. It was found to have control over the movements of the eye-balls, regulating their rolling moments from side to side, and that movement of the eyes which, when the head is swayed from side to side, keeps the image of an object on the same areas of the retinæ.

Now this is a very important fact, as one can well understand that a derangement of this portion of the brain would entail most serious consequences to one's power of walking.

HOW OUR ANCESTORS KEPT HOUSE.—The following rules were enforced 300 years ago in the household of Sir J. Harrington, the translator of "Ariosto:" A servant absent from prayers to be fined two pence; for uttering an oath, one penny, and the same sum for leaving a door open; a fine of two pence, from Lady Day to Michaelmas, for all who are in bed after 7 o'clock or out after 9 o'clock; a fine of one penny for any bad manside, fire unlit, or candlebox uncleaned after 8 o'clock; a fine of four pence for any man detected teaching the children obscene words; a fine of one penny, for any man waiting without a trencher, or who is absent at a meal; for any one breaking any of the butler's glass, twelve pence; a fine of two pence for any one who has not laid the table for dinner by 10:30, or the supper by 6; a fine of four pence for anybody absent a day without leave; for any man striking another, a fine of one penny; for any follower visiting the cook, one penny, a fine of one penny for any man appearing in a foul shirt, broken hose, untied shoes, or torn doublet; a fine of one penny for any stranger's room left open four hours after he be dressed; a fine of one penny if the hall be not cleansed by 8 o'clock in the winter and 7 o'clock in summer; the porter to be fined one penny if the court gate be not shut during meals; a fine of three pence if the stairs be not cleaned every Friday after dinner. All these fines were deducted by the steward at the quarterly payments of the men's wages.

CREMATION is said to be very "popular" at Rome.

Bric-a-Brac.

GOOD OLD TIMES.—There was a time in England when noblemen were destitute of comforts, the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman; when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse; and when men died faster in the purest country air than they die now in the most pestilential streets of our cities.

THE DEATH-WATCH.—The death-watch is a beetle of the timber-boring species. The beetles begin their tickings in the spring: the ticking is only to call one to the other—if it is not answered, the animal repeats it. It is thus produced: The beetle lifts itself upon its hind legs and beats its head against the place where it is standing. The usual number of ticks given in succession is from seven to nine or eleven. In old houses these insects may be heard during the whole day. The noise is exactly like that produced by tapping the nail upon a table. The idea of the ticking of the death-watch foreboding a death is simply superstition.

A FAITHFUL COLLI-ECTOR.—The Scotch collie dog Help, which has achieved distinction in Great Britain as a collector of money for the orphan fund of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, traveling in that capacity by rail from one end of the kingdom to the other, has recently returned to London from a trip to Dieppe, in the course of which he collected about $50. The general secretary of the society has now on hand numerous invitations for the collie, and expects him to collect several hundred dollars more before the end of the year. He travels under the care of the railway servants, by whom he is transferred from one line to another at connecting points.

THE TARIFF.—At the southern extremity of Spain, running out into the Straits of Gibraltar, is a promontory, which from its position, is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea, and watching the entrance and exit of vessels of all descriptions. A fortress stands on this promontory, called now, as it was in the times of the Moorish domination in Spain, Tarifa. This name is, in fact, of Moorish origin. It was the custom of the Moors to watch from this point all merchant ships going into or coming out of the Midland Sea (as the Mediterranean was then called), and issuing from the stronghold, to levy duties, according to fixed rates on all merchandise passing in or out of the straits. This was called, from the place it was levied, "tarifa," or "tariff," and in this way the word originated.

BAD FOR THE RAT.—A California hen, while engaged with her brood of chicks in plowing up a neighbor's garden, recently, was charged upon by a full-grown rat. The old representative of the "poultry show" immediately established herself as a cordon around her flock and awaited the onslaught. The rodent, somewhat checked by the bold front presented by the "garden destroyer," crouched for a moment, and then made a dart for one of the young. In an instant the old hen opened her cackle battery and commenced battle. She flew at her enemy and striking it with her bill, grabbed it by the back and threw it in the air. The rodent came down with a thump upon the walk, but before it regained its feet the hen repeated the performance, and kept it up until the rat was only able to crawl away a few feet and die in disgrace. After contemplating her fallen foe for a few moments, the old hen called her brood around her and walked off.

THE VOICE OF THE TREES.—Here we notice how every tree has a separate and distinct voice in which it speaks to us; the pine has a melancholy never ceasing wail, as if, laden with the sins of the world, it had to moan without ceasing for the evil doings of mankind. The oak leaves are broader and have a valiant song to sing for us. The beech are sharp and sudden in their speech; and the elm is the poet, with its tiny songs and sonnets, fluttering in the wee leaves, and its larger melodies sung by the topmost part of the trees that see most of the world, and feel most of the sunshine; while the birch is lady-like and die-away, and not much more interesting than its prototype, the fine fashionable female, given to feelings and much drinking of tea. Then the sturdy holly speaks of home—holme is the old Saxon word for holly, too, and, complete in itself, cares little about storm or sunshine, if it be well within itself, and let alone to do the work appointed for it.

FALSE HAIR.—In the days of the Emperor Trajan a market was established in front of the Temple of Apollo for the sale of false hair and dyes and cosmetics of many kinds, and it was in its time as fashionable a rendezvous as the baths. All Rome gathered there of a day. It was in the glorious summer of prosperity at a period when golden hair was the rage. The women tried in a thousand ways to obtain the precious tint. They bought eagerly all kinds of preparations from foreign countries—pomades from Greece and soaps from Gaul. The water from the river Crathis, which was supposed to possess the Midas-like virtue of turning all it touched to gold was one of the most popular "washes" ever offered to the Roman public. When this wonderful water failed to produce the desired result, there remained but one thing to be done, and that was to shave the head. Then a fine crop of golden hair came. It came from Germany or Gaul; and from that day to this the trade in human hair has continued in the hands of the French and German merchants.

TRUE WEALTH.

BY I. O. L.

The poorest man is not always
The one who possesses the least—
The heart may hold but a famine
While the lips partake of a feast.
Though robed in the costliest raiment,
And decked with jewelry rare,
Life may be heavily burdened
With mental troubles and care.

And he who dwells in a hovel,
Who daily toils for his food,
May be richer far than his neighbor,
Who has all things for his good.
If loving words make life's music,
No need for repining is there,
That lot must ever be fairest
If dear ones, with us, it share.

No matter what the surroundings,
If the heart is noble and true,
If we've no cause for regretting,
Lost chances or good deeds to do,
We may be as rich as the richest,
While if the wealth of soul we need,
Though crowned with earth's choicest blessing,
We may call ourselves poor indeed.

UPTON COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

MARGARET escaped from her nightmare to find the hammering of the ghost was nothing more than Anne's knock at her door.

She made the little servant stare by asking her if she knew how Miss Durrant was, and then sent her for Mrs. Cator, to whom with closed doors she told her tale.

Mrs. Cator's face grew pale with fear as she listened, though she did her best to hide her fright from Margaret, and to persuade her she had been dreaming.

Margaret's only answer was to implore her so urgently to go and see how her mistress was that she could not deny her, returning with the news that she seemed the same as usual.

"Then," said Margaret, with the quietude of desperation—

"She was certainly here last night, and you must give me another room with one door which I can bolt inside.

"I should die if I had to go through it again.

"I have heard her walking about the house more than once before. At least, who else can it be?"

"Hush," interrupted Mrs. Cator, looking round fearfully.

"I assure you are mistaken!

"That is not the mistress.

"But you shall have another room."

Past experience had taught Margaret there was no good in saying anything on such a subject to Mrs. Cator, and she therefore desisted.

She had gained her point about the room.

But she thought she was right, and Miss Durrant's behavior, viewed in this fresh light yielded some slight support to her belief.

She seemed extraordinarily fatigued that morning.

It now dawned on Margaret that the nights of terror, which had left her so exhausted, had apparently exhausted Miss Durrant also.

Of course it was possible that she too heard the strange step, and was afraid with the same fear that Mrs. Cator certainly felt.

But if the step was her own she could hardly avoid being worn out with bodily fatigue.

This succeeding day, at any rate, she sat quite silent and motionless.

She was possessed by dumb malevolence, bowed down with a strange oppression.

Margaret could hardly endure with calmness the weight of that wrathful silence.

Nature, her general refuge in distress, was now also gloomy and forbiding.

It rained heavily all day, as was usual that dreary autumn, and the yellow leaves fluttered mournfully to the wet earth in the sighing gusts of wind.

Thus without all was wrapped in weeping gloom.

Within there brooded the silence as of a thunder-cloud before it breaks in storm and fury.

And on Margaret's heart, besides its sorrow and fear, was now laid another load—the vague foreboding of some desperate evil.

"The floods are out," Cator announced in his laconic way as he waited that day at dinner.

His mistress took no notice of his words, nor did Margaret care to speak.

But she knew, though she had not seen the thing before, that the heavy rains had told at last, and that the Severn was beginning to overflow its banks.

Mrs. Cator moved her that day into a more cheerful room, with a south-west aspect.

It had only one door, so the girl considered herself safe.

The next night passed without disturbance.

Grief and fear kept Margaret awake until long after midnight, but, though she listened to the silence with that acute hearing which sometimes comes over people when they would rather not hear at all, she could catch no sound—no sound, that is, save the ceaseless pouring of the rain.

That never stopped.

It rained all night, and the next day, and the next.

To Margaret it seemed like the setting in of another Deluge.

Nothing could well have been more dismal than that incessant rain in the desolate place at the time of the waning year.

The hills veiled their heads in clouds and mists.

The abundant vegetation, now fast decaying, was dank and dripping.

Fields were turned to marshes and the deep lanes to watercourses.

Dark and dreary as was all around, the old house at Upton was darker and drearier still, now left alone in its grim decay, uncheered by sunshine or the song of birds.

And still it rained, and still the waters rose, surging in mimic tides against the raised highways in the lower levels, as if bent on over-throwing them.

The discomfort of the country people grew into alarm.

The floods were already higher than they had been for thirty years—and still the waters rose.

The invasion of the churches near the river was no longer a threat, but a fact.

One or two cottages were deserted as untenable.

Here a mass of hay, and there a luckless sheep, drifted down the river, and presently not these alone, but posts and stakes, and great trunks of trees.

Later on roof-timbers and fragments of thatch went down the stream, proclaiming the ruin of some home of cattle or of man.

Within the walls of Upton Court it seemed as if the same evil influence which had produced the floods had a corresponding effect on Miss Durrant.

Never had Margaret had so hard a time with her.

She was captious, violent and exacting, continually irritable, with an irritation that not all the calm patience with which the poor girl tried to bear with her could soothe.

Cator was in no humor to put up with his mistress's imperious haughtiness.

He became cross and vexed, disregarded her orders, and kept up an exchange of violent speeches that put his wife into a fever and by no means lightened Margaret's troubles.

At last one day, after a pitched battle, she chanced to overhear him vowing that no promise to any one should keep him there much longer.

The words startled her.

Was this the reason that bound him to that gloomy service?

It was a fresh indication of the mystery hanging round Miss Durrant.

Thus the time passed slowly—oh, how slowly!—till at length one morning the postman, struggling through the half-drowned country two hours behind time, brought Miss Durrant a letter in Edward's handwriting.

Margaret's weak heart gave a wild bound at the sight of it, and the guilty color flushed her face.

Miss Durrant looked up from her grimly-silent perusal of the note with sardonic triumph.

"You can go and tell Mrs. Cator that my cousin Edward will be here to-morrow night.

"From his letter I understood he wishes to speak to me on some subject connected with the marriage of which I spoke to you."

"Indeed?

"I thought he was in Australia," she managed to answer indifferently.

But a deadly pain seized upon her heart as she left the room to obey.

Edward in England!

Edward to be here to-morrow night! How was she to meet him?

Surely that terrible ordeal might at least have been spared her!

Mrs. Cator had already received her orders, as usual, direct from the Durrants themselves.

Her husband was to meet the last train at the nearest station the next day, and was grumbling at the prospect.

"The last train, indeed!

"If it goes on like this the water will be across the road at Durnford long before the last train comes in, and we shall have to go round by High Ham.

"But some folks need never heed what trouble they give others."

Margaret listened to the ungracious words as if she heard not.

She did not observe the curious glances her pale face was evoking from Mrs. Cator.

When the man ceased speaking she turned and came away like one in a dream.

There was no capacity in her save for one thought and one effort—the thought that to-morrow she must meet him whom her soul loved—the effort to suppress all sign of the agitation raging within her at the prospect.

Mechanically she came back to resume her watch in that dreary room, the unnatural silence of which was broken only from time to time by the cruel words that seemed indeed to cut like very swords.

And all that day, while the rain dropped heavily, through scoff and sneer and mockery, the girl wrestled with her heart, preparing it for the ordeal of meeting him with the calm indifference of an ordinary acquaintance.

So, far into the night she knelt by her bedside, trying to quiet her spirit into something like brave acceptance of the coming trial.

And after all her struggle, she could still only hope that when the supreme moment came she should then find the strength she needed.

At present it seemed denied.

The wind was tremendous that night, but the rain was so much less that Margaret hoped the morrow would show some diminution of the floods.

Alas for her inexperience of the "silvery Severn," now anything but silvery, as it rolled its turbid waters in savage wrath to the distant Channel!

Instead of subsiding, it had by the next morning risen so much higher that the river-terrace was an agitated lake.

The old cedar stretched its stately arms over a mimic sea, which surged and lapped round the river-gods, and had already carried away part of one of the fantastic pagodas.

As had been the night such was the succeeding day.

It was rainless, except for sudden showers of great violence, that came dashing on the wings of the fierce wind which raged all day in fury.

The wind had a influence on the ever-rising floods, lashing them into a state of agitation and disquiet which caused every hour more serious damage.

At the early dinner hour Cator told how a mill a couple of miles lower down the river had been completely wrecked, and a cottage near it carried away, with the death of one of its inmates, and the extreme peril of another.

One bridge was swept away.

Fears were entertained for the safety of another.

From all sides came reports of the drowning of sheep and cattle.

Everywhere the flood was spreading misery and desolation.

In the afternoon Margaret went down to the village, to be saddened still more by the scenes of discomfort she witnessed there.

She did her best to lighten them, but her utmost was so little.

Miss Durrant, who had so much in her power, cared nothing, did nothing, for these poor creatures.

Half of them were flooded out of their homes already and crowded into the cottages, which might be invaded by the still rising water, none knew how soon.

Leaving the hamlet at last, sad at heart, Margaret, before returning to the Court, climbed to a favorite point of view on one of the neighboring hills, to gain thence some idea of the extent of the inundation.

Up to this she had only seen it in part; now, coming out on to the crest of the brow, she saw a world of water lying at her feet.

Far and wide it stretched, the hedges in some parts entirely submerged, in others just lifting their tops above the water, which, concealing also the trunks of the trees, made them resemble huge bushes. Whirling down the main current, or tossing heavily in the lake-like expanse of the submerged meadows, were all sorts of floating wreck—bundles of hay and straw, uprooted trees, gate-posts and beams, and—more disastrous token still—some article of household furniture, the spoils of a poor man's home.

The heads of the isolated trees became full of drift—waifs and strays of the general wreck—till, at length, too weak to support the additional weight against the force of the waters, they too gave way, and were borne down the stream, to be caught by and ruin others in their turn.

Here and there the wind-driven waves foamed in rage against some obstacle—some wall or barn.

But not for long.

Nothing appeared capable of long sustaining the assault of their resistless strength. With a crash the building would disappear beneath the flood, and the waters would surge triumphantly over it.

It was all inexpressibly distressing—the chill gray sky, and yet more chilly and desolate expanse of waters, the wet, miserable look of the elevated spots that peered above them, the distance hidden by a mist of rain.

And its depression was too sadly in accordance with the state of Margaret's feeling.

There was no discord, but rather a piteous harmony, between that desolated landscape and her heart.

Nature, in the season of her fading leaf, wept and shuddered, and covered herself with gloom in presence of this calamity which wrought her such grievous mischief.

The girl, too, wept and mourned at the thought of the engulfing ruin which had made autumn of her spring.

But nature was surely happier than she, for the drenching rain would certainly cease, the floods subside, the joyous spring and summer bring their healing influences to repair her damage.

While, as concerned Margaret, what healing influence could repair her broken heart, or make amends for the days of weary sorry which she felt were drawing so heavily on the sources of her life?

Did she not find her true likeness in one of those dead animals, or drifting trees, which, for all the glad coming life, might never live or bloom again?

So she mused, caring in that hour of weakness so little for the great verities that lay beyond the narrow day of her earthly life—such fools are we, and so slow of heart!

So, faint and weary, with slow-dropping tears, she returned to her dreary home at dusk, there to await the dreaded meeting, at the thought of which her spirits sank more and more as each hour brought it nearer.

CHAPTER XII.

THE gloomy day drew to its close.

Night fell upon the waste of water and the half-drowned land.

The rain held off, and the rifts between the clouds became larger.

But the boisterous wind grew yet higher as the day light died.

Margaret trembled as she listened to the rising of the storm, knowing how greatly it would heighten the dangers of the flood.

In a day or two, supposing there should be no more rain, it might be expected to subside.

But before that time should pass, what amount of damage might it not do, thus lashed to frenzy by these bitter blasts?

Without Upton Court the storm might rage, but within it was quiet as the grave, except indeed for the strange noises the wind evoked from the draughty deserted rooms and echoing corridors of the old house, making odd shriekings and whistlings in the chimneys, and sending ghostly whispers floating down the great gallery.

Beyond this all was silence.

In the kitchen Mrs. Cator and little Anne—Cator having already started for the station—sat, speaking but few words, over their work.

The distant morning-room their mistress and Margaret preserved a yet more unbroken stillness.

Every incident of that evening was burnt in on Margaret's memory as with the touch of fire by the events which followed.

She never forgot how she tried to busy herself with some fine knitting, nor how wearily her heart throbbed under its load of pain and fear in spite of every effort to distract her thoughts.

The strong feeling at the near prospect of seeing Edward Durrant, which in happier circumstances would have overwhelmed her with joy, had, in present ones, been changed into suffering as intense.

Ah, those slow minutes, how wearily they passed, draining the color from her cheeks and lips, making, through their torture, such demands upon her strength that at length it was all she could do to sit upright, and keep her trembling fingers busy with her work, in order to prevent Miss Durrant from seeing there was anything wrong with her?

A change had come over Miss Durrant during Margaret's absence that afternoon.

The unusual irritability of the past few days had gone.

She had sunk back into her customary abstraction.

Now, as the evening passed away, this change was succeeded by another which Margaret, in spite of all her preoccupation, could not at length help noticing.

Instead of staring fixedly into the fire, her dark sullen eyes shot glances of wild distrust and fear, now at Margaret, now into dark corners of the half-lighted room.

Her hands moved restlessly on her lap; her face worked in strange twitchings and convulsions.

Had Margaret not been so deeply agitated this must soon have struck her with fear for herself.

As it was it began to move her at last with fear on Miss Durrant's own account.

"I want you to play," Miss Durrant said at last, with startling abruptness.

"Come and drown the sound of the wind.

"I hate the wind.

"It tells me of things that happened long ago!

"I hate it!"

She repeated the words with vehement anger, searching every corner of the room with her fierce eyes, as if she thought to find there some embodied form of the annoying element to insult.

"Come," she cried impatiently, as Margaret hesitated.

"I tell you to go and play.

"What are you keeping me waiting for?"

"I am afraid you will find the drawing-room very cold to-night," Margaret ventured to object.

"The piano won't be any the better for the damp."

"It'll be better than the wind," she returned in wrath.

"I tell you to go.

"Do you think I care about the cold, or that I require you to advise me?

"Till you can conduct yourself properly you had better not try to regulate me."

The cruel underlying taunt brought a fresh throb of pain to Margaret's weary heart, but she answered not a word, and moved towards the door.

Reaching it, she paused and spoke again.

"We shall want lights in the drawing-room and—don't you think Mrs. Cator would like to come and listen?"

It was a desperate suggestion, but the girl's heart sank at the idea of being all alone with that wild woman on that wild night, in the great deserted room, so far from the inhabited corner of the house.

"Nonsense about the lights and Mrs. Cator!" returned Miss Durrant, with excited vehemence.

Then, as Margaret still mutely opposed she changed her tactics in feverish haste, evidently longing for the sweet strains that were to exercise the evil spirit which tormented her.

"Not Mrs. Cator," she entreated—"not Mrs. Cator!

"Yes, we will have the lights, but not that woman.

"The sight of her makes me remember things, like the wind.

"You need not be afraid of the wind.

"It does not shy things to you as it does to me.

"And I know you are not afraid of me.

"Why should you be?

"There's not much in me to harm any one now.

"See, look at my arm!"

She pulled up the untidy sleeve of her neglected dress, and held it up before Margaret.

Certainly there was not much to fear from that poor slight arm.

Thin as Margaret knew her to be, she had no idea the limbs of any human being could be such mere skin and bone as that she now beheld.

And yet her cousin had a fair appetite, and took but little exercise.

Surely every source of strength was consumed by the inward fire which showed itself in her eyes!

It was such a strange, such an unlooked-for thing to have her reduced to supplicate, and there was such a touch of pathos in the manner of her supplication that Margaret could not deny her.

Alone and in silence therefore they passed through the echoing hall, where the candles, flickering in the moaning draughts threw such strange shadows as made the girl start and tremble, to the lonely, distant drawing-room.

There Margaret began to play in haste such soft, soothing airs as she thought might calm Miss Durrant's wildness.

At another time they would have had the desired effect.

To-night, owing to her great excitement, they almost entirely failed.

Contrary to her usual custom—that of sitting motionless as a statue during the whole time of Margaret's performance—she moved restlessly from chair to chair. It was as if she sought a spot where the tones of the wind should be inaudible, and sought it ever in vain.

At last she broke out impatiently—

"I don't care for those childish things; the wind comes through them all. Play me the 'Moonlight' sonata."

The "Moonlight" sonata!

Its mournfully pathetic strains were the very last Margaret could have desired for her.

She feared they might lash the latent excitement to fury.

"I don't think I can play to-night," she answered timidly, in the hope that Miss Durrant might give way as she had given way once before.

She was disappointed.

Miss Durrant came quickly up to the piano, her dark determined face working with excitement.

"What are you saying—that you cannot play it?

"I tell you that you must and shall.

"I will have it!" she exclaimed, with all the angry force of her iron will.

She appeared like one possessed.

She lifted up her hand as if to strike Margaret.

The latter swiftly decided that the music could do her no more harm than continued opposition would, and yielded to her wish.

Pacified by her triumph, Miss Durrant, at the first notes of the sonata, threw herself down on her usual seat, the wide, low ottoman beneath her portrait, and assumed her usual immobility.

So Margaret, as ever and anon she raised her eyes to watch the effect of the sonata on that silent listener, saw before her, once again, the two faces—that of the girl of twenty in its superb beauty, that of the woman of sixty in its haggard old age—each, through all the unlikeness of the sad contrast, bearing the same dominant characteristic of cold overbearing pride.

But the living face, the ruined face, softened as the girl played on. For the intense agony of the previous hours, acting on the separation of those long months of mental wrestling, had produced in Margaret a state of overstrained, nervous excitement, which the first bars of her music set on fire.

Restrained, coerced, denied all other expression, the emotions of her soul here found free play, and never, before or after, did the beautiful plaintive notes, so imperiously demanded, so reluctantly conceded, come from her fingers as they did that night. All her broken-heartedness, her patient resignation and loving steadfastness—all the sorrow and dread of the approaching meeting, lent such a force of meaning to each phrase of the music that it was as if a living soul was breathed into its harmony.

Slowly Miss Durrant's restless excitement changed into profound dejection. As the last pathetic chord died away she stood before the young musician again, but this time with a look and manner which, for her, were gracious.

"I am much obliged to you, Margaret Lindsay," she said, in such a stately way as might become a duchess, "and I wish to show my sense of the obligation."

And while Margaret wondered in herself how that might be, she electrified her by saying—

"This boy who is coming to-night—you thought he liked you?"

"Miss Durrant, I decline to answer any such questions! I have never given you ground for them or right to ask them," returned the startled girl, with burning cheeks, indeed, but still as haughty as herself.

The reply ruffled somewhat Miss Durrant's new-found calm. She stared in contemptuous wonder.

"Don't give yourself such airs. It does not matter to a single creature whether you do so or not. I only wish to warn you not to delude yourself with any such fancy, even though there might be a mistake about his marriage. It would be all one. None of his blood know what it is to be true. I saw you looking at that picture just now. Well, that girl thought a Durrant loved her, and you see what she is now, and he—— Oh, I must never tell you that!" she went on wildly, with ever-growing excitement. "Perhaps the wind will tell you, for it keeps on telling me. No, no; it must not; though, lest——"

She broke off abruptly, and reverted to her original theme.

"What was I saying? Oh, I remember! Now if you think this young man——"

"Miss Durrant," Margaret interrupted, in desperation, afraid of her growing vehemence, and seeing a life intolerable opening to her, if she were once to acquiesce, in these open allusions, "I have told you once before, there is no reason for these speeches. I cannot let you make them!"

Her unexpected boldness again took Miss Durrant by surprise. At first she seemed inclined to be offended; then, with change of tone, laughed contemptuously.

"Have your own way! I only meant to warn you. You ought to have been grateful to me, especially for doing so from my own life. But of course you cannot feel things as I did—that is out of the question. Do you think I should have allowed myself to be trifled with, especially when my ruin meant the happiness of another woman. There might have been room for hesitation otherwise; but then—then—there could be none!"

It is useless attempting to describe how coldly and contemptuously cruel her face became as she said those words. If ever look had power to kill it was that it wore now, as, having ceased speaking, she stood gazing into the obscure vacancy of the dim room. It was the very essence of hatred, revenge, unpitying, malignant cruelty.

Distracted as was Margaret's mind, she lost thought of all else, even of that marriage and that meeting, as she strove to gather its meaning, and summoned her courage to meet whatever might follow in the course of the next few minutes.

There was a pause so deep that the girl could hear the beating of her own weary heart. Then the wind came down and smote the house again, and the terrible look on Miss Durrant's face changed into one of frenzied fear as she listened to the uproar.

"There—there are the voices!" she almost screamed. "Oh, play again! Why did you stop, when I begged you so hard to go on? Oh, play again! I shall hear and see it all in a moment if you do not."

Conquered by her vehement earnestness, with a whirl of strong feeling raging at her heart, with a forced strength and calmness above it all, for which she knew she should have to pay dearly by-and-by, Margaret crashed into one of Handel's stateliest marches. It was no time for gentle melodies. Nothing less full of fire and genius could have touched Miss Durrant at that wild moment. Margaret had rightly chosen, in spite of her fear and sorrow.

The grand chords chained the attention of her cousin, while they gave relief to her own wounded pride. As they drew to an end she was sufficiently herself to feel compassionately towards the suffering woman, and, in the depths of her loving nature, to find a desire to do her best for the poor lost creature.

Gradually the stern grandeur of the martial music changed into such sweet and tender airs as she thought might best lull the yearning of the pain-driven soul into some semblance of rest. And not without success was this last service, rendered with such generous forgetfulness of injuries—such unconsciousness that in future days the thought that it had been so rendered would be deep cause for thankfulness.

Supper-time came, bringing with it the announcement of the non-arrival of the traveler, for whom Miss Durrant however would by no means condescend to wait. She could have felt almost as little desire for food as Margaret; nevertheless, the two sat down to the table, and Margaret, at least, made a feint of eating, lest she should incur harsh suspicion and harsher words, and was glad when the form of a meal was over, and longed, as they who wait for the morning, for the hour that should set her free for the night.

Without, the storm was rising higher and higher. Another apprehension began to lay its leaden touch upon her weary heart.

Precisely at her usual hour, so rigid was the routine of that house, Mrs. Cator appeared at the door to escort Miss Durrant to her room.

"Mr. Edward has not come, ma'am, but I did not know whether you would like to sit up or not. So I thought I had better bring the candles at the proper time."

"I shall go to bed," said Miss Durrant imperiously, abruptly shaking off the long silence into which Margaret had soothed her.

The music had been hushed now for some time; the baleful voices of the wind had been whispering in her ears all the silent supper-time. Under their influence she had dropped the new feeling of kindliness towards her gentle benefactor, and resumed the hostility she seemed to bear towards all things.

"You are not coming, Margaret Lindsay?" she went on, as she saw Margaret still seated after she had herself risen to depart—she was hurriedly completing a few stitches which would enable her to leave her work with greater ease.

"I should advise you to do so. To sit up here alone will be a somewhat extraordinary proceeding on your part; and I have no doubt that Edward Durrant will be able to exist without seeing you till to-morrow, however unbearable you may find the delay—fool, and worse than fool, that you are!"

It is vain to attempt to picture the contemptuous mocking scorn with which the inhuman words were spoken. Margaret's blood boiled at the bitter insult. All the extenuating circumstances caused by the unhappy woman's state were swept from her memory, or remembered only to be met with the indignant rejoinder that, if this were madness, there was marvellous method in it. Not on this one evening alone, but for days past, had she not wrestled with her overwhelming sorrow, that she might cheer Miss Durrant's gloom, soften her irritability, bring some ray of light into the morose evening of that sullen life? She had been repaid by cold rudeness and cutting taunts; and now her utmost endeavors of mind and body had been recompensed by that culminating outrage, the false aspersion which it was almost a degradation to repel, yet which, spoken as it was in Mrs. Cator's presence, must be repelled in full.

She gave no passionate rein to her feelings, but all the more cutting was the calm indignation with which she replied—

"You have misinterpreted my delay.

"I only wanted to finish a row of knitting.

"As far as anything else is concerned, Miss Durrant, you will perhaps be kind enough to understand that it cannot possibly be of so little moment to Mr. Durrant when he meets me as it is to me when I meet him.

"Charges such as these no one in the world has a right to bring against me.

"Weak and powerless as you think me, I shall know how to defend myself, or at least to withdraw myself from them."

She had risen to her feet as she spoke, and now confronted Miss Durrant with pale proud face and flashing eyes, the timid shrinking girl whom she was accustomed to crush with a single angry word converted by her righteous indignation into a stately woman, armed at all points with a superb and graceful haughtiness.

And Miss Durrant heard in silence, made no answer, took no umbrage.

Perhaps even her insane insolence quailed before the intense indignant scorn of those delicate accents, for there is no wrath so terrible as the wrath of the meek.

Perhaps this last insult was but the momentary reassertion of an expiring feeling, the feeling of hostility to Margaret—one which neither had nor sought continuance, but in its place left a just shame which could bear its well-merited rebuke in patience.

Whichever it was, she answered not.

She merely motioned to Mrs. Cator—who had stood by the while, bewildered and surprised, but venturing no word—to proceed.

In silence the three women left the room. In silence they passed across the hall, and up the great gloomy staircase.

It was the most cheerless night they had had since Margaret came to Upton, with the wind howling and moaning in every corner of the house, and the showers falling like swift, angry blows on the desolate window-panes.

But Margaret knew and cared nothing for it all as she followed the others down the great corridor.

She, who had so often trembled at its ghostliness, took now no heed of the strange noises and dark, wavering shadows that surrounded her.

She felt nothing but the pain and anger at her heart.

Reaching her own door, Miss Durrant paused while Mrs. Cator tried to open it—for some little time in vain.

Margaret had paused also, intending to hold herself coldly aloof until she would have entered the room, and, when the way was thus made clear, to pass on to her own. But, as she waited, there came upon her a perception of something inexpressibly mournful in the drooping head of her cousin, in the listless fall of her languid arms, in the despondency of her worn features.

Once again she lived in thought through the moments when with imploring distress she had prayed her to drown in music the terrible sound of the wind.

True, she had made her suffer to the utmost of her power, and that with a cruel unconcern.

Doubtless others also had suffered at her hands.

Yet still something—her good angel perhaps—touched Margaret's conscience at that moment, making her feel ashamed of her uncontrolled resentment.

This feeling now burning within her—was it not one of wounded pride?

If so, who that had lived with Miss Durrant, as she had done, for nearly two weary years could doubt it was one of those that had wrecked her life, and with that warning before them could dare to let it continue in themselves?

There passed but a few seconds as those three waited at that door.

But during them Margaret fought with her worse self one of the last battles of that period of her life—fought and conquered!

Then Mrs. Cator, having overcome the resistance of the crazy lock, opened the door, and stood aside to let her mistress pass in.

Before the latter could move Margaret made a step forward, and, holding out her hand, bade her the customary good-night.

It had been a struggle to speak calmly, but now her voice was sweet beyond its wont—sweet as are the voices of those hearts that are filled with the charity that has overcome self-love.

In spite of the change of tone, Miss Durrant looked up to answer with her old rude abruptness.

But the unexpected look of earnest good-will in the lovely girlish face, the timid pleading for peace in the beautiful eyes, made her change and hesitate.

When at last she spoke it was after another fashion than she had at first shown every disposition to adopt.

"Good night, Margaret Lindsay," she said.

"I see I mistook your meaning in delaying just now.

"I was wrong.

"Forgive me this and other injuries.

"I thank you for many kindnesses."

She gave Margaret her cold listless hand in token of reconciliation, then, bowing with somewhat of the haughty grace that must have been hers in girlhood, glided forward into the gloom of her own apartment.

Mrs. Cator followed her and closed the door.

Margaret, left alone in the dark gallery, saw her no more.

CHAPTER XIII.

ARRIVED in her own room, Margaret locked her door, put her candle down on the dressing-table, and remained standing before her mirror absorbed in thought.

Only one who had lived so long with Miss Durrant as she had done could have rightly appreciated the strange novelty of her manner that evening.

The words that had escaped her, denoting a torture too great to be borne in silence, however stubborn.

The wild excitement that had possessed her.

The swift alternations in her behavior to her young cousin—of a new and capricious kindness and a contempt that apparently knew no bounds—what could account for these?

The sounds of the warring elements were dreary enough that dismal night to strike a chill to the hearts even of those whose lot was bright, whose lives lay fair before them.

But it would have been folly to think that they could have produced these effects in Miss Durrant.

She had complained a great deal of the wind.

The wind had surely only acted by rousing some secret spring of pain, remorse, and terror.

When Margaret, deciding this, however, went on further to ask what that spring might be, she could find no answer.

She had indeed come upon indications of it on every side during her life at Upton, but of its meaning and nature she knew nothing.

She was in simple ignorance, except in so far as those wild words, speaking of some unhappy love, and its yet more unhappy ending, had enlightened her.

That this strange, woman had some strange, secret lying hidden in the depths of her life's history she felt sure; but as yet it was an insoluble enigma.

As for the sudden friendliness towards herself, alternating as it did with so fierce a scorn, that indeed baffled comprehension, unless it were that through all her contempt she knew some pain was in Margaret which she had once known herself, though the girl's way of bearing it did but increase that contempt tenfold.

Ay, that pain was in Margaret still!

It gradually broke into and drew away her thoughts from grim Miss Durrant to him whose dreaded coming there was as yet no sign.

Utterly weary, yet with her nervous system still at its highest tension, it was no wonder that a dull fear which had been oppressing her during the last couple of hours now grew suddenly to a pitch, as, amid the howling of the storm, she remembered the threatening aspect of the far-spreading inundation on which she had looked that day.

What was delaying his coming?

Once more she gave herself the answer with which she had forced herself to be content again and again during the evening.

Cator said "he thought he should be obliged to go round by High Ham.

"The roads were very heavy."

But this failed to quiet her now.

"All this considered, should they not have been here by this time?" went on the anxious mental questioning.

"Could there have been an accident? What if the ever-rising flood had been too quick and sudden even for the wary Cator?"

And, born of the sickening pain that stirred in her at thought of the peril of that most dearly beloved, came such intense vivid pictures, as only a highly-wrought nervous imagination can draw, of what that peril might be—pictures of the heavy old-fashioned gig upset in the angry, storm-tossed waters, and the two men crushed and maimed, drawn away in their cold resistless embrace to the suffocation of a drowning death.

In presence of the terror of such a possibility all the preceding affliction of her life seemed but a light thing to her. How could she have dared to repine and murmur as she had done over the loss of her dream of happiness? A groan burst from her lips.

She hid her cold face in her hot trembling hands, as if she could thus shut out those terrible visions from the eyes of her mind, and prayed with a vehemency of earnestness that his life might be spared—only that

his life might be spared, let all else be as it might—spared to gladden the eyes of his parents and her whom he was so soon to call his wife.

With all its height of unselfish love, with all its conquest over the demon of envy and jealousy that lies, chained or unchained, as the case may be, in the heart of each one of us, that prayer, however it might in time be answered, brought small instant relief to the intense anxiety of the supplicant.

As yet there was no sign of the arrival for which she longed with such feverish impatience. As yet her mind persisted in torturing her with thoughts of the possible causes of delay.

Growing even whiter and colder, she still stood in the same spot before her dressing-table, becoming as time went on more and more susceptible to the influence of external sounds, as she listened in vain amidst the roaring of the wind for the sound of wheels, and only heard more and more plainly the curious screams and moans and sighings that broke the uneasy stillness of the old house.

Trembling already with cold, suspense, and anxiety, there were now added to these those dreaded supernatural fears; the terror of the ghostly step and spectral figure that haunted the ancient mansion on such wild nights as these.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Tinsel and Gold.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

CHAPTER I.

ISN'T Max Jones a splendid fellow, Kate—a very prince among men?

"See how noble and commanding he looks!

"Why, he is a head taller than the tallest of them, and has limbs like Hercules!"

So spoke Effie Wayne to her bosom friend and constant companion, Kate Usherwood.

The two girls had paused in descending the wide staircase at Cleobury Court, and were looking over the massive balusters at the busy scene which was taking place in the hall below.

A large table, upon which appeared the remains of a substantial breakfast, occupied a position immediately in front of the antique fireplace, in which a wood-fire was blazing cheerily, though the September sun was shining brightly through the windows.

Round this table—round the fireplace and about the doorway—were congregated most of the visitors who at that time were assembled at Cleobury Court—the comfortable but old-fashioned country residence of Lady Cleobury, a widow with one son, the present Baronet—a man still young, for he was only a little over thirty, and a bachelor.

Sounds of laughter and merry voices floated up the staircase to the unnoticed watchers above.

Most of the male visitors were in shooting costume, and assisted by the willing fingers of their fair companions, were busy filling wine-flasks and sandwich cases, and making various other preparations for their expedition.

They were "in" for a long tramp over turnips and stubble, and all were looking forward with confidence to the enjoyment of a good day's sport.

Max Jones had taken up a position a little apart from the rest.

Apparently all his preparations were complete, for he was standing, in a careless attitude, with his gun under his arm.

He was clad in a tight-fitting suit of gray cloth, with gaiters, lace-up boots, and a felt wide-awake hat, a costume which was admirably suited to display to advantage the fine proportions of his muscular, athletic figure.

"Hush! Effie; not so loud—you will be overheard!" said Kate, in quite a subdued tones.

"No—no!

"They are too busy to notice us.

"Just take the opportunity of observing him.

"Compare him with all the others, and see how superior he is!

"A perfect specimen of manly beauty, is he not, Kate?"

"I only admit that he is a very fine animal!"

"An animal?

"Max Jones an animal!

"Oh, Kate, for shame!"

"Why?

"Are not all the qualities you admire in him more physical ones?

"He can row and skate, hunt and shoot, play lawn-tennis and cricket—better almost than anyone.

"But beyond these, what is his intelligence—his mental qualifications?

"He manages to get through the sporting articles in the newspapers.

"He can by an extraordinary effort write a letter.

"He knows enough of arithmetic to understand keeping his betting-books.

"That is a fair summary of his intellectual gifts, I think!"

Her companion uttered an impatient exclamation.

"I can easily understand that anyone with such a magnificent physique as Max Jones would be likely to look somewhat contemptuously upon more scholarly pursuits—it is no more than natural.

"But no one can deny that he is by far the best-looking young fellow now beneath the roof of Cleobury Court."

"Not in the face, Effie—certainly not.

"His forehead, as Shakspeare has it, is 'villanous low.'

"The hard, cruel lines about his mouth are almost hidden by his long moustache, but they are there.

"His eyes, though bright, are small and deeply set, and are more indicative of cunning than honest frankness."

"Dear me, Kate," was the ironical rejoinder, "what a great physiognomist you are.

"You must have studied Max very closely.

"And yet I cannot understand how or why you should feel so much interest in him.

"I see nothing surprising in it, he is scarcely the one to be overlooked.

"It was not long, however, before I came to the conclusion that he is not the man to be coveted for a husband."

"Nonsense!

"I only wish he would condescend to take a little notice of poor insignificant me!

"Think what triumph it would be to enter a room leaning on his arm.

"What a protector he would be!

"With him beside me, I should fear nothing."

"It is my opinion that he would be most likely to look after himself first."

"You are prejudiced."

"I think not.

"He is vindictive, and he is cruel."

"Cruel?"

"Yes.

"Why, you were with me when he kicked his dog so savagely because the poor creature had done something wrong.

"My opinion is, that a man who would ill-treat a dumb animal in that fashion would not be very kind to his wife."

But Effie laughed lightly.

She was too much fascinated by Max Jones' personal appearance to believe in anything that was to his disparagment; and she watched him with admiring eyes as, with a slow and stately stride, he made his way towards the door.

"I suppose," she added, with a sigh, "he will look out for someone tall and very beautiful."

"Do you mean for a wife?"

"Of course."

"I think he is more likely to be attracted by dollars and cents.

"I know he is not by any means a rich man and you must admit that he has expensive habits.

"Mark my words, as soon as he discovers that you are an heiress in your own right, he will pay you the utmost attention."

"I won't believe it of him!" was the almost angry answer.

"I suppose not—any more than you will believe that Sir Edmund Cleobury loves you with a real, disinterested, and true affection."

"That sentimental bookworm, who does not stand five-feet-five in his shoes!" was the scornful answer.

"Ridiculous!

"I assure you, Sir Edmund is the last man in the world I should think of as a husband—the very last!"

"Poor fellow!

"It's easy to see how much he cares for you, and also that he dreads to make any advances towards you, lest he should be disdainfully repulsed."

"As he would be, I assure you.

"The idea of mentioning him at the same time as Max!

"Look, they are standing beside each other now, and by contrast Sir Edmund looks positively puny!"

"But he has a warm heart, and a noble, kindly face.

"I confess I would trust myself to him with hesitation.

"Is he not beyond and respected by everyone?

"Did you ever hear an angry word pass his lips?

"Did you ever hear that he had done an unkind action?

"Is there a single tenant on the estate who does not look the picture of happiness and content?

"Is there a single cottage that does not, by its neat and prosperous appearance, proclaim that Sir Edmund is the best of landlords?"

"He is too good for me!" was the lightly-spoken answer.

"When I a husband, I must have someone I can be proud of—someone I can look up to and admire.

"So never mention Sir Edmund to me again!

"I would not have him—no, not if there was not another man in all the whole world!"

The words were spoken so vehemently, that the sound of her voice attracted the attention of those below.

There was a general laugh, and then—not without a little confusion—the two girls rapidly descended the remainder of the staircase.

Effie Wayne and Kate Usherwood were both upon their annual autumnal visit to Cleobury Court—a time that had been looked forward to by them with increasing zest as every year rolled on—for the kind-hearted hostess, reminiful of her own youthful days, and desirous that her only son should not defer his marriage much longer, made it a point to assemble beneath her roof a large party of "eligible" young people of both sexes.

Effie belonged especially to this "eligible" class.

Her connections were unexceptionable, she was heiress in her own right to a considerable fortune, and though rather petite, had nevertheless an elegant and graceful figure, and one of the prettiest, sauciest faces that ever an English girl claimed as her own.

Kate was not so eligible.

Indeed, she owed her invitation entirely to Effie's request that she might be allowed to bring her most intimate friend to Cleobury along with her.

She had no fortune, and could only lay claim to the possession of a very moderate share of good looks.

But she was a warm-hearted, though shrewd and observant girl.

And despite the fact that sometimes she said in her frankness things which in society are considered best to be passed over in silence, still she never failed to become a general favorite everywhere.

Like the rest, Sir Edmund Cleobury had caught the sound of Effie Wayne's voice, though he was not able to distinguish the words.

But his face lighted up with pleasure, as with a quick step he made his way to the foot of the oaken staircase.

"What truants!" he exclaimed.

"I was just thinking that we should have to start without seeing you. Where have you been hiding?"

Effie was embarrassed, and an unusual color suffused her cheeks, rendering her—so the young Baronet thought—more lovely than ever.

"It is my opinion," said Max Jones, who, with a lounging step, had followed Sir Edmund—

"They are both guilty of having lingered in the gallery up there, taking stock from that elevated region of the poor mortals below."

"You might be farther off the mark," answered Kate, composedly, for Effie was too confused just then to be ready with a suitable reply.

"Now, Ned, my boy," said an elderly man—he was uncle to the young Baronet—"I believe everything and everybody may be said to be waiting for you to say the words—

"Are you ready?"

"Quite.

"Farewell, ladies."

And with a graceful bow Sir Edmund once more made his way to the open door.

His step had not the spring and alacrity of a true sportsman's.

"Indeed, he went very reluctantly away.

A thousand times rather would he have passed the time in company with Effie; but he had guests to entertain, and such a thing was not to be thought of for a moment.

As Effie herself, she scarcely gave a single glance at him.

She had eyes for Max Jones only, and hurrying to a window, watched him until a turn in the carriage-drive hid him from her view.

If ever a young girl was in love with one who had never shown any particular preference for her, then surely Effie was.

Kate noticed the faint tinge upon her cheek and the extra brightness of her eyes, but made no comment.

CHAPTER II.

THE month of September passed pleasantly away to the guests at Cleobury Court.

There had been amateur concerts and theatricals, a ball on the occasion of Sir Edmund's birthday, and even two lawn-tennis matches, so unusually warm and bright was it for the time of year.

The ball-night marked an important epoch in the life of Effie Wayne.

In a few disjointed, incoherent sentences Sir Edmund Cleobury essayed to tell her of his love.

But she received him with such frigidity, and told him so unequivocally that she could never think of him as a husband, that—mortified, stung to the quick by her words and manner—he had turned on his heel and left the room without a single word.

It was not a happy birthday for him, poor fellow.

And if Effie felt any regret on his account, the feeling was a transient one.

She murmured something about sentimental nonsense, and then forgot his existence.

For at that picture Max Jones came to claim her for the next dance.

As they crossed the ball-room, the animation in every feature of her face had the effect of extinguishing the last ray of hope which, unconsciously to himself, Sir Edmund had yet retained.

For some time Max had paid a great deal of court to the young heiress.

But that evening his attentions were so marked, that Kate did not experience the faintest shock of surprise when Effie told her that Max Jones had proposed, and was of course, accepted.

It would be useless to attempt any portrayal of Effie's unbounded happiness.

She could indulge freely now in all her love-dreams, for Max—the embodiment of her fond ideal—had told her that he loved her, and she had promised to be his wife.

But when Max came forward and assumed the character of Effie's future husband, he attracted the attention of many who had hitherto taken but little notice of him.

Who was he?

What was he?

No one seemed to know.

There was a mystery about him.

He was communicative enough upon all points but one—the past.

In spite of this reticence, however, he was more or less liked by everyone.

He had so many gentlemanly accomplishments.

He was so fertile in resources.

He was always ready to do anything for everybody.

His good-humor was so unvarying and infectious.

His absence from Cleobury Court would have been universally regretted as an irreparable loss.

Sometimes those who lost money to him at billiards—for, as need scarcely be mentioned, he was an adept at this fascinating pastime—would drop sundry dark hints to the effect that never played up to his strength, and never by any chance lost if the bets were at all heavy.

But these assertions were naturally set down as the result of disappointment and defeat.

And so October came, not dreary and dark, but more glorious than the month which had preceded.

It brought with it all the glories of an Indian summer.

Happiest of the happy was Effie Wyne. The height of her girlish aspirations had been reached—not even Kate's dubious remarks about Mr. Jones' antecedents, and her freely-expressed doubts whether Mr. Harnage, Effie's guardian, would give his consent to the marriage, were able to cast the faintest shadow on her joy, or dim the brightness of that future which she was never tired of picturing to herself.

It was just after breakfast, on one of these bright, sunshiny October mornings, that Max paused in his operation of rolling up cigarettes, and said to Sir Edmund, who was standing near.

"I shall be glad if you will put a boat at my disposal to-day—that is, of course, supposing it will not interfere with any plans you may have formed; but the fact is, Miss Wayne has an idea that a row down the Werfe on such a day as this would be particularly delightful.

"Miss Usherwood is very anxious to come too."

Sir Edmund paused a moment before he replied—perhaps the mention of Miss Wayne's name by his successful rival disturbed him a little.

The Werfe was the name of a broad river which wound very picturesquely through the Cleobury domain.

It furnished sport in the shape of fish, and sometimes there was the excitement of an otter hunt along its banks.

"Oh! by all means—certainly; I shall have much pleasure!" Sir Edmund said, after that almost imperceptible pause. "But——"

"Ah! there is a 'but!'" exclaimed Max, his white teeth gleaming under his moustache.

"I was only going to say, that in consequence of the terrific downpour we had the night before last, and which was still more severe farther up among the hills, the Werfe has swelled far beyond its ordinary bounds.

"The current is very swift, and the management of the boat will require some care."

"Oh, thanks!

"I know the water is turbid and running down at a great pace, but not fast enough to be a difficulty to me."

And as he spoke Max drew himself up to his full height and threw back his shoulders.

Evidently his opinion was that it would require some more considerable stream than the Werfe to need full exertion of his strength and skill.

"Are you thinking of going far?" asked the Baronet, moving away.

"Only as far as Castle Dinas.

"Miss Wayne wishes much to visit the place by water.

"If we start early, I shall be able to row back again and get here in time for lunch."

"I can assure you you will find the return journey no joke."

Max laughed—a laugh of conscious power—but said nothing.

"Dinas is below the wooden bridge, as no doubt you are aware," added Sir Edmund; "the stream will be strong there if anywhere so be on your guard. Many years ago a serious accident happened near that spot!"

"Thanks for your caution.

"With such a precious freight, depend upon it I shall run no needless risk! We shall be back to luncheon."

Sir Edmund walked away, and Max again showing his teeth beneath his moustache, hurried off in quest of Effie and Kate Usherwood.

He had not far or long to seek, and as the trio crossed the hall a few moments afterwards laughing, chatting, and apparently in the highest spirits, Sir Edmund had to turn aside, and exercise all his self-command to conceal the jealous pang that struck to his loving heart.

"Is it not delightful, glorious!" cried Effie, enthusiastically, as they made their way across the park in the direction of the boathouse.

"Look how the sun lights up the russet leaves upon the old elm.

"There is not a breath of wind stirring, nor," she added, looking round her, "is there a single cloud. Did you ever see a bluer sky?"

Max did his best to appear sympathetic and interested, as a prospective husband should do.

But, truth to say, he felt no particular interest in the beauties of nature. He saw it was a bright, warm morning, and that was just all he cared about the matter.

Kate, who did not much care for her task of playing propriety, was glad enough to listen to Effie's rhapsodies, and take part in them.

"Cleobury said something about the river having overflowed its banks," said Max, as they gained the boathouse. "He was exaggerating a little, don't you think so?"

"The river is higher than I have ever

shen it," added Effie, speaking seriously for the first time that morning.

"And it is certainly dreadfully muddy!" cried Kate, in dismay "Not the limpid stream mirroring the heavens' deep blue, as Effie was saying just now."

"Certainly not; but it will carry the boat just as well as it would if as clear as crystal and rather better, for we shall have a good current to carry us down."

"But will there be any danger?" asked Kate, rather nervously.

"None in the least, I assure you. All is ready! Allow me* There you are."

Max handed his fair passengers into the boat, and pushed off.

He took a few strokes and then paused, just allowing the oars to touch the surface of the stream.

"It's a rapid current," he said; "more rapid than I thought when I first saw the water. Still, I have only to keep the boat in midstream, and we shall be down at Castle Dinas in no time, and with very little exertion on my part."

When the two girls saw that Max was perfectly master of the little craft the fears which had begun to assail them died away, and once more Effie's joyous laugh went rippling through the still air.

The boat glided on with a rapidity that increased imperceptibly until, just as they passed a bend in the river called Willow Flats, Effie exclaimed:

"How fast we have come to be sure! Look, Max, there is the old wooden bridge. How very picturesque it looks! What lovely tints the sun gives to the old timbers! What a subject for an artist!"

Max turned round, and at the same moment became conscious of two alarming circumstances.

One was, that owing to the increased velocity of the current, they were approaching the bridge much more swiftly than he had been at all aware of.

The other, that the water had risen so high that the two ends of the old bridge were quite submerged.

Unheeding the picturesque element altogether, he said, quietly:

"I think you know how to use an oar, Effie?"

"Yes—a—a little.

"Why?"

"Don't be alarmed, there is not the least need, I assure.

"All I want you to do is to take the oars for a couple of minutes while I go to the stern and slip the rudder in its place."

Despite his assurance Effie turned very pale.

"You will find it quite easy to keep the boat's head in midstream," added Max.

"I have shot under many a bridge when the water has been running down at twice this pace.

"I shall guide the boat's head under the arch by means of the rudder-lines as easily as I could guide a gig through a turnpike gate."

There was probably some little exaggeration about this, but it calmed the girls wonderfully, though Kate kept rather a nervous grasp upon the edge of the boat.

It was soon evident, however, that the boat was perfectly obedient to the tiller-ropes.

Max, sitting as calm as a rock, kept the boat in mid-stream by a very slight exertion of his strength.

"Now ship the oars, Effie. Gently!—that's it! Place them in the thwarts. They will be better there for the present. And now all I have to ask you to do is to sit quite steadily. Do not lose your presence of mind; balance the boat as carefully as you can. We shall do it splendidly!"

"But—but," gasped Kate, as the roar of the water came upon their ears, "we are going at an awful pace!"

"The current is very strong, certainly," replied Max, with the same calmness as before.

"We shall have to make our way back overland; it would be next to an impossibility to pull up the stream."

Effie looked anxiously and longingly at the shore; but her alarm lessened as she noted how perfectly the boat was under control.

Then the eyes of all three were fixed upon the bridge.

It was a rude affair, consisting merely of wooden piles driven into the bed of the river, and having beams of wood laid upon them longitudinally.

The central arch, if so it might be called, was now only a few yards ahead—the water on the other side was seething like a cauldron.

Max, by long schooling, was able to keep his features under command, and so he exhibited none of the anxiety which kept growing in his mind as he discovered, by the tremendous strain upon the tiller-ropes, how rapidly the force of the water was increasing.

On rushed the boat.

In another moment they would be in comparative safety on the other side of the bridge.

Involuntarily both girls closed their eyes.

Max bent all his energies upon his task; the boat held her course bravely.

The shadow of the bridge fell upon them.

Snap!

One of the tiller-ropes, unequal to the strain it had to bear, broke in two like a piece of pack-thread; and Max, who had been exerting his utmost strength, was by the sudden cessation of resistance thrown with a violent jerk to the side of the boat.

Piercing shrieks then filled the air, and the little skiff, wholly at the mercy of the foaming current, was dashed with terrific force against the piles.

A grating, crashing sound ensued.

The frail vessel—splintered, broken—was whirled away, and its occupants left struggling desperately in the water.

Luckily the swiftness of the current carried all three under the bridge without bruising them against the upright timbers. Max, who was an excellent swimmer, came quickly to the surface.

At the very instant he felt his head above water someone seized him with a frantic grasp, and he heard Effie say:

"Max—Max, save me!—oh! save me! I shall be drowned!"

The tightness of her grasp filled him—good swimmer as he was—with a sudden fear for his own life.

He knew well the tenacity with which a drowning person will cling to any object; he felt the current whirling him onward, and then there came upon him with full force the instinct of self-preservation.

Yes, at that awful moment, with the drowning girl clinging to his arm, the consideration of self rose paramount.

Unimpeded, he might reach the opposite shore—encumbered by Effie his death was certain.

With one mighty effort he strove to free himself from her detaining hold. But she clung to him tighter still, and shrieked again and again, calling upon him to save her.

But for the first time she saw her idol as he really was—a coward, and caring for nothing but himself!

Again he struggled to get free; and then, with a horrible imprecation, bade her let go her hold.

The poor girl's blood ran cold as those awful words fell upon her ear.

Paralyzed with horror, her muscles for a moment relaxed their power. Max took advantage of that moment, and ruthlessly shook her off.

Again and again she shrieked, as, caught in the whirl of waters, she was hurried down the stream; while he who had professed for he so much devotion—he who would be—so she had believed—an efficient protector in all kinds of danger—turned round, and breasting the current, struck out with long, powerful strokes, towards the opposite shore!

CHAPTER III.

EFFIE gave herself up for lost.

Heartbroken by the barbarous treatment of the man she had so idolized, she made at first no effort to keep herself afloat. She felt—so cruel was her disappointment—that she would rather close her eyes forever upon this world, which, till then, had been so full of brightness to her.

That feeling, however, was evanescent.

The dominating instinct of self-preservation asserted itself: she struggled to keep her head above water and tried to make out in what direction she was being hurried.

But before she could dash the water from her eyes and look about her, she felt her hair grasped by someone, and then a voice cried

"Seize the rope, Effie! Hold fast to it! There is still a chance, and we may yet be saved."

It was Kate Usherwood who spoke.

With one hand she clung to a rope, with the other she had grasped her friend just as she was being carried helplessly past her.

Like Effie, Kate had been whirled off down the stream.

She had some slight knowledge of swimming, though not much—but still, the little skill she had was of extreme value.

She had no fear of sinking—at any rate for some minutes—and she looked about for some portion of the boat or any floating object that would assist her in her efforts.

Then suddenly she felt herself come in contact with some obstacle—what is was she could not think—but she seized it instinctively.

It was a rope, and she held it fast.

By the aid of the help thus afforded her she raised herself, and then perceived the other end of the rope was secured to a coal barge, which, to all appearance, was in the middle of the stream.

The fact was, however, that this large, clumsy vessel, had been secured to a piece of upright timber on the river's bank.

To this rope she clung with the proverbially strong grasp of a drowning person.

She dragged herself nearer and nearer to the barge, which, however, being unloaded, seemed to rise too far out of the water for it to be possible to clamber into it.

Up to that moment she had seen nothing of either Max or Effie; now something floating attracted her attention, and as we have described, she was fortunate enough to obtain a firm hold upon her friend.

Her words raised fresh hopes in Effie's breast.

Bewildered and half blinded as she was, she nevertheless held firmly to the rope, until in a few minutes she had so far recovered as to be able to comprehend her position.

The rope went in a sloping direction from the surface of the water to the edge of the barge; and mutually encouraging each other, the two girls cautiously shifted their grasp, and so gradually raised themselves out of the water.

"Higher—higher!" said Kate.

"Do you think we could manage to climb up the side of the boat?"

"Be careful—oh! be careful!"

But a few attempts convinced her that, in her numbed and exhausted state, it was quite impossible for her to gain the temporary shelter of the barge.

"I am not strong enough," she wailed.

"Oh! Effie it is hard to die, and die like this."

"How long do you think you can hold on the rope?"

"I—I—don't know.

"It is so—so icy cold!" sobbed Effie.

"Cheer up! If we can manage to hold on a little while, someone may see us and come to our assistance.

"Where is Max?"

A cry of mingled grief and anger came from Effie's lips as that name fell upon her ears.

"What—what is it? Is he drowned?"

"Drowned? No!

"He can swim; but for fear I should encumber him, he shook me off and left me to drown!

"Oh! it is true—quite true.

"When I begged him to save me, he cursed me instead, and shook me off."

Kate was indignant and incredulous.

"The cowardly wretch!" she cried.

"What became of him?"

"I have not seen him since then;" and the poor girl shuddered.

"Perhaps he may have reached the shore in safety, and if so, having saved himself, he might think about us.

"I will try to raise myself a little more and take another look."

With great difficulty and peril, for the current was still strong, she drew herself a little higher up the rope.

"Can you see him?" asked Effie, feebly.

"No; there is a sharp bend in the river just below the bridge. I can see nothing of him."

As her eyes traveled swiftly over the great expanse of turbid water, even Kate, reliant and courageous as she was, felt her heart fail her.

Tears came into her eyes, dimming her sight for an instant; but she dashed them impatiently aside.

Another glance, and then her heart gave a sudden bound.

Far away in the meadows she could descry the figure of a horseman.

Summoning up all her energies, she shrieked wildly for aid.

Her clear, high voice rang out over the watery waste, and she cried out again and again.

Then the horseman, without changing his course or slackening his speed, waved his hat several times, and disappeared behind a clump of trees.

"We have been seen, Effie! Someone has seen us! Hold fast for your life—aid will reach us soon!"

Her teeth chattered while she spoke, and she looked with great apprehension at her companion, whose strength was evidently ebbing fast.

"Effie—Effie! Do you hear me? Help is coming!"

"My hands seem dead!" was the faint answer. "I cannot feel the rope!"

"Don't let go—let me help you! Keep up, Effie!" and then almost in a scream she added:

"A boat—I see a boat! Someone is coming to us—a boat! It is Sir Edmund and another man!"

And again she shrieked wildly and despairingly for aid.

"Hold fast a minute longer!" cried Sir Edmund, as he pulled towards them with all his might. "I was afraid of this!"

After the departure of Max with the two ladies, Sir Edmund became a prey to great anxiety.

He knew Max was better able to handle a pair of oars than almost anyone; but then he was unacquainted with the course of the stream, and might underrate the danger of the flood.

At last his nervous apprehensions were so much excited, that he felt nothing but a personal inspection would satisfy him that all was well.

At the first opportunity he had a horse saddled and rode off across the country to Castle Dinas.

No visitors had arrived there yet, and so he rode back again, following the course of the stream.

It was not long before he caught sight of the two dark figures clinging to the rope, and without a moment's hesitation he galloped off to the nearest point where he could expect to find a boat stationed.

Then Kate's cry had struck upon his ears, and then it was he waved his hat and urged on his horse to greater speed.

Now they were close at hand.

Kate was chilled to the bone, and nothing but the prospect of a near deliverance from her perilous position would have enabled her to hold up.

"Take Effie first!" she cried, as the boat scraped against the rope.

"She——"

And then everything seemed to whirl before her. She was unconscious that strong arms lifted her out of the water, and then she knew no more.

It was a moment of intense excitement for Sir Edmund Cleabury; and had it not been for the aid which the taut rope afforded them, the task of getting Kate into the boat would have been much more difficult than it was.

Depositing her quickly, Sir Edmund urged the boat towards Effie; her eyes were closed, and it seemed as though the hold she had upon the rope was an unconscious one.

The Baronet pronounced her name. She heard him—opened her eyes—and with a short, gasping cry, let go her hold.

She sank down like lead; but hardly had she disappeared, than the Baronet plunged head first into the river after her.

He felt himself carried swiftly by the current, but he was a good swimmer, and the desire to save Effie from so sad a fate nerved him with double strength.

The water rushed and boiled around him, but when he rose again to the surface, the boatman uttered a joyful ejaculation, for he saw that he was supporting Effie with one arm.

Kate was lying insensible in the bottom of the boat; but giving her no attention now, he rowed quickly towards Sir Edmund, and in a few moments had both him and his burden on board.

The young Baronet shook from head to foot, and his teeth chattered, for when he plunged in he had been heated with excitement and exertion, and the shock was most severe.

"Give me an oar, Robinson," he said.

"We can do nothing to restore them here; the only thing we can do is to get to the Hare and Hounds as quickly as we can, and the exertion will do me good."

The inn he had mentioned was down the river, so the boat sped onwards at a rapid rate.

On nearing the landing-place they found that the intelligence of the accident had spread, and several people had assembled there.

It was from this place Sir Edmund had obtained the boat. It was always moored at the end of the old inn-garden, which reached quite down to the water-side.

To-day, however, the garden was more than half under water.

Both Effie and Kate were apparently lifeless, but every effort was made for their restoration.

Fortunately the village surgeon lived close by, and was quickly on the spot.

Sir Edmund's distress and anxiety were painful to witness, for he had quite lost the self-command which he usually preserved; and he refused to have any attention bestowed upon himself until he had the satisfaction of knowing that both girls were restored to consciousness, and had the gratification of receiving the worthy doctor's assurance, that with anything like reasonable care, they were not likely to suffer any ill effects of the accident.

But this intelligence at once put an end to the excitement which had hitherto enabled him to bear up against the consequences of his own immersion in the water.

A sudden tremor shook his limbs—his breath came and went in short and fitful gasps—and the next moment consciousness deserted him.

Of Max nothing was heard; and as the news of the accident passed quickly from mouth to mouth, the prevalent notion was that he must have perished.

* * * * * * *

A fortnight elapsed before Sir Edmund was well enough to make his appearance for a short time in the drawing-room at Cleabury Court. He was still weak, but out of danger.

The immersion had been much more serious in its consequences to him than to the two girls whom he so bravely rescued, which is not surprising, when it is borne in mind that he was heated and fatigued by a long ride on horseback and the exertion of pulling the boat against the stream, besides enduring a great anxiety of mind.

With the exception of Effie and Kate, all the visitors had taken their departure.

"Spare me your thanks," he said, with a faint, weary smile.

"They only make me uncomfortable, I assure you. The deep thankfulness I experience, that I was so fortunate as to be in time to save you, overpowers every other feeling."

"But," cried Kate, with her usual vivacity, "I esteem my life as my most valuable earthly possession; and what am I to do if you will not allow me to try and tell you how grateful I am to you for having preserved it?"

"Is it really the case that nothing has been heard of Jones?" asked Sir Edmund as he turned to Effie, "have you not heard from him?"

"Heard from him!" Effie echoed, scornfully. "The coward would not dare to write or show his face—and least of all to me."

"What—what is this? I do not understand you. Is—is——"

"Will you let me tell you what happened that day?—for from your manner it appears you are unacquainted with the particulars."

"I have been told nothing further than that Max disappeared, and is believed to be drowned."

"Then you shall know all," said Effie.

"Great Heavens! can it be possible?" ejaculated Sir Edmund.

"To you," said Effie, "so brave and tender, such behavior may well seem incredible—impossible. How can I thank you? I am not only saved from a cruel death, but from a marriage with one who would have made my life a torment."

"Effie!" he said, softly, "I wish to forget the past. Will you allow me—now that all is at an end between Jones and yourself—to plead once more for your love! I do not wish to be swayed by gratitude," he went on, hastily, as she seemed about to speak. "I do not wish to turn to unfair advantage the service I was able to render you—all I ask is, that you will give me room for hope!"

Effie did not speak, but there was an expression in her eyes that made her lover's heart throb wildly—ungovernably.

* * * * * * *

"You were quite right, Kate," said Effie. "I was blind and foolish, and took the tinselled counterfeit for sterling gold!"

"Then Sir Edmund has renewed his offer—again asked you to be his wife?"

The words were spoken bravely, but the poor girl's heart was aching insupportably. Secretly she had loved the Baronet fondly, but it was not until this moment that she felt the utter hopelessness of her passion.

"Yes," said Effie, softly, too full of her own happiness to pay close attention to her friend's demeanor.

"And you—you have given your consent?"

"Yes, Kate darling! Kiss me! I am so happy—so very happy!"

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TOWN OR COUNTRY?

Where were you born—town or country? The question is of some interest, now that the statisticians are calculating the large proportion of "men who have risen" in the towns who at first inhaled the country air. Apart from this, it is perhaps a blessing to have been country born, and even country-bred. It is something to grow up in sweet familiarity with birds and flowers, with green grass and shrubs and trees, with the cattle of the earth and with the stars of heaven. Fellowship with nature is easier of cultivation among fields and floods by daylight and moonlight than on streets imperfectly paved, and irregularly cleaned, with uniform rows of houses to limit the view by day, and with gas-lamps to make darkness visible by night. Perhaps simple country fare, country ways, and even country restraints, tends to make men healthy, strong and vigorous in their maturity. One does not there reach "culture" and encyclopediac knowledge precociously, nor develop early into manly habits or womanly accomplishments; and perhaps on that very account the possessions of later years are more solid and satisfactory.

But if you were born in the country, do not exult unduly over the other and less fortunate class of the city. Its members have advantages of their own. How soon they become initiated into the mysteries of life! They are hardly ever long children. With what lofty contempt they look on the simple rustics! Town or city life brings mind into close and constant contact with great varieties of mind. Hence, it has a good side as well as a bad. What is done in towns is notorious. Crimes are brought into notice, often tried, often punished in towns. Criminals betake themselves to towns and cities for many reasons, and what they do or suffer is at length held up to the public gaze. One unhappy woman in a law court attracts more notice for the time than do a hundred quiet, virtuous mothers who never took an oath. Hence the wickedness of cities and towns seems disproportionate to those who do not think exactly.

We sometimes talk of the undisturbed quiet attainable in the country. You can be alone, dress as you like, rise and lie down when you please, eat your meals where and when you like, and be monarch of all you survey. There is a measure of truth in this estimate, but it is just as true that no solitude is greater than the solitude of such a city as Philadelphia or New York. Nowhere can the individual be more alone than in the crowd. Nowhere can the sense of solitude be deeper. You need, therefore, dear city friend, to take all this into account in the calculations you make. In the country village, one's neighbors all know him. A new coat cannot be put on unnoticed. Habits and acts are scanned and scrutinized within the limited circle. If one quarrels with a neighbor, pays attention to a lady, or fails to do it, the thing is soon and fully known.

It is different in large towns. Everbody is busy. The crowd is in haste, and is noisy. Your individual movement may be queer, unusual, or uncomfortable, but in the majority of cases it will pass unnoticed until you begin to trample on the rights or imperil the interests of others. City people accordingly are without a means of grace commonly enjoyed in the country. The rich, the prominent, the fashionable, of course, are exceptions; but the statement is true of the mass of city people.

From these rapid generalizations, two things seem to be apparent. First, country life has some advantages of its own denied to the dwellers in large towns. But there are compensations to those who must tread the crowded streets by which they may be reconciled to the fact emphasized by the poet:

"God made the country, and man made the town."

And, in the second place, there being limitations to human happiness both in town and country, different, indeed, in form, but real in both, it is best to cultivate calm contentment with our lot.

MAN is like a snow-ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good that's in him melts like butter; but kick him around, and he gathers strength with every successive revolution until he grows into an avalanche. To succeed, you must keep moving.

SANCTUM CHAT.

BRUSSELS has forbidden the management of theatres to introduce fire or explosives in scenes without the permission of the authorities, and then only under prescribed conditions. When firearms are used, the firing shall not be in the direction of the spectators.

—

THE English mails were first conveyed by railway in 1830. Nine years later the letters sent averaged three to each person, and at the present time the average has risen to thirty-six. The Postoffice savings banks last year had nearly three million depositors, whose deposits reached the sum of about $195,000,000.

—

IT is seriously proposed that several of the European powers should unite in the suppression of Mohammedan pilgrimages to Mecca, by the occupation of the Holy City, which is so charged with pestilence almost always, and which sends so frequently the scourge of cholera over Egypt and the East. The remedy suggested is a daring one. It might cause a terrible war. But something has to be done very soon.

—

THE buggy business is about to be revolutionized by a new invention—a single-wheeled buggy. A single wheel is attached to shafts, behind a horse, and a seat is arranged behind the wheel. The buggy can't tip over unless the horse does, and it can go anywhere that a horse can. It looks feasible, but a man riding such a thing will look odd at first. The whole lay out will look as though a man on his bicycle had run his vehicle on to a horse behind, and the two had become telescoped.

—

THE average longevity in England is increasing. Not many years ago a celebrated author denied the existence of such a thing as a centenarian. The statistics for 1881 record ninety-one persons who did not die until they had completed 100 years and upward. Of these twenty-five were men, and sixty-six women. The oldest man was 112 years of age; the others ranged between that and 100. Three of the women were 107, three 106, two 105, six 104, five 103, eight 103, and the rest were one hundred and upward.

—

IN an editorial article on faith cures, the Scientific American alludes to such charms as carrying a potato or a horse-chestnut about the person as a preventive against rheumatism, and cites the cases of a doctor of divinity and a man of liberal education and cosmopolitan experience, who indulged in such (to use the Scientific American's term) "nonsense." "It may be difficult," it concludes, "to draw the line between the effect of medicaments on the human system under certain known laws and the mental influence of belief and desire on the physical body. Whether mental emotion or intelligent faith does really affect the animal portion of the human structure or not, it is a curious fact that education and culture do not eliminate a belief in faith cures and remedies."

—

A SINGLE spot on the sun has measured from 40,000 to 50,000 miles in diameter, in which, as will be readily seen, we could put our earth for a standing point of observation, and note how the vast facular waves roll and leap about the edge of the spot, and also how the metallic rain is formed from the warmer portions of the sun. In June, 1848, a solar spot remained a week visible to the naked eye, having a diameter of about 77,000 miles; and in 1837 a cluster of spots covered an area of nearly 4,000,000,000 square miles. When we call to mind that the smallest spot which can be seen with the most powerful telescope must have an area of about 50,000 miles, we can readily see how large a spot must be in order to be visible to the naked eye. The largest spot that has ever been known was no less in diameter than 153,500 miles.

—

"I AM of the opinion," says a Western correspondent, "that the cultivated countries of Europe are even more easily deceived than are Americans. As an example of their gullibility, last summer, first at Heidelberg, and later at Munich, I saw a band of six or eight American performers who were giving "shows" in various pavilions and gardens, advertising and representing themselves as genuine American Indians, but so thin was their disguise that any one who had ever seen an Indian would at once discover the fraud. Their programme consisted of war-whoops and dances, and they talked something that they called "Choctaw," the leader explaining in German their antics; but the height of the ludicrous was reached when the leader announced that they would sing some of their native songs, and at once the red men began a medley of jubilee songs and Moody and Sankey hymns. The Germans attended the performance largely, and it seemed were none the wiser.

—

STATISTICS are needed of the American handwriting before any generalization is attempted about it. Those who are in the way of seeing specimens of it from all parts of the country, from clergymen, clerks, lawyers, farmers, doctors, agents, merchants, etc.,—always excepting people who write like the writing-master—declare that they have no general characteristic, except that the handwriting is sprawling, flourishy, unformed; that it lacks neatness, compactness, solidity. Is this only a fancy, or is this writing a sign of superficiality and carelessness and exaggeration? There is variety enough. We certainly have not the uniformity that, in German or French writing, enables us to tell its nationality at a glance. Are we mistaken in saying that the English hand, generally speaking, is a hand of more culture, finish, neatness? We signed the Declaration very well on the whole, but we have hardly, as a people, lived up to it.

—

WHO stops to look the second time at an old, faded face? We meet them on every side. They abound on the streets, in the churches, in the poorhouses—everywhere. Poor, wrinkled, faded, sallow faces, that have been once young, and many of them beautiful. They have borne the heat and burden of the day, toiled faithfully for the great stalwart sons and daughters who, in too many instances, have forgotten the obligations. Every line means a thousand cares and heartaches. Every furrow represents days and nights of weary watching, anxious prayers for the well-doing of those who have been committed to their parental charge. No mother ever had a child go wrong, without suffering such crucifixion of soul as fits her for eternal rest. It may not show itself in her face and form for years, but it will come at last. The elastic step grows painful; the form, which was a model for the sculptor, grows bent with the burden of life. If all the sacrifices, the self-denial, the earnest devotion and patient hope were written on the faces of faded old women, who are passed by so carelessly, we would read lines which would make those wrinkled faces seem fair as those of angels, and we would discover in the bent and halting body, the worthless shell about to let loose the wings of the spirit.

—

NEVER, under any circumstances, rub the limbs downward. The blood in circulation which can be reached by rubbing, is all venous or blue blood. It is charged with waste and poisonous materials, and is struggling to get to the heart and lungs for purification. Always rub upwards. But few invalids who will not feel a new life imparted to them when this is tried for the first time. Valves are placed in the veins to resist downward movement, while the stiff arteries near the bone have none. Clasp the wrist tightly, and see what multiple currents of poison start out on the hand, while none of them appear on the arm back of the ligature. A life could be destroyed in a short time by simply rubbing the limbs downward, while you can almost drag the dead out of the grave by rapid, persistent and general rubbing of the limbs upwards, if no lesion of vital parts has occurred. In view of this, why has it not been stated in the hundreds of directions for restoring the dead from asphyxia and syncope—as in drowning and heart disease? Rubbing to and fro simply affects the capillaries, doing little if any good. Artificial respiration is beneficial, but only when it has given impulse to the heart. The best results will be obtained by having as many as four or six persons rubbing the limbs synchronously (all alike in rhythm) while another manipulates the breast and abdomen.

ON THE BRIDGE.

BY J. E.

It was young Robin and his love
  Stood on a bridge at even-song;
Night's countless lamps were lit above;
  Below, the streamlet slid along.
Across the rail she lightly leant,
  And gazed into the quiet stream,
Wherein she saw with deep content
  The buried stars' reflected gleam;
But never stars shone half as bright
As Elsie's eyes that summer night.

Around her taper waist an arm—
  Her gallant Robin's—gently lay;
In place and hour there lurked a charm
  That owned no kinship to the day.
Familiar sounds upon the gale
  Were softly wafted to the ear,
And from the darkness of the vale
  The love-lorn mavis fluted clear;
But sweeter than the song he sung
The words that trembled on her tongue.

The shadows deepen in the dell;
  Weird bats athwart the water play;
And on the fitful breezes swell
  The village church-bells far away.
Through all the windings of the glade,
  The stately trees, like phantoms stand;
Whilst love was leading man and maid
  Far onwards into fairyland;
And neither had on earth a part,
Save only in the other's heart!

Anon, from yonder wooded ridge,
  The cold moon climbs the blue expanse,
She glorifies the rustic bridge,
  Her beams upon the brooklet dance;
She softly winds about the twain
  The radiance of her liquid light,
As though, for lovers, she would fain
  Create a fairer day from night.
Her silver signet—nothing loth—
She sets upon their plighted troth!

The Paraguay Packet.

BY PERCY VERE.

PERHAPS the first question my readers will ask will be, Where is Paraguay? I hasten to reply, it is one of the South American Republics lying on the eastern bank of a river of the same name, one of the tributaries of the great La Plata River.

Paraguay possesses one or two rising cities, with good public buildings, and a half-peopled country of considerable extent. On the right, or western bank of the river, lies an interminable plain called the Gran Chaco, abandoned to hostile Indians, and where no white man could ride half a mile in safety.

With this River Paraguay and the plain on its western side our story lies.

On this broad semi-savage river a steamer, bearing the malle to the back settlements of Brazil, lying north of Paraguay, plies every month.

These steamers are generally under the superintendence of English engineers; and one of these, a Mr. Wainright, had been for some years employed by the Brazilian Government in this special service.

He was a quiet, sensible man, knowing his profession well. He had one child, a daughter, whom he loved in a calm, equable manner; he was anxious to see her happily settled in life, but did not see very well what chances she had of this desirable ultimatum in so wild a country, and had often contemplated sending her home to England, though the so doing would have involved a life-long separation from himself.

Amy Wainright, a sprightly, warm-hearted girl, lived generally with a family of emigrants, friends of her father's, at Buenos Ayres; but on the occasion of the last trip, before our story opens, she had asked, and obtained, her father's permission to accompany him on his accustomed voyage up the Paraguay.

There was on board the steamer a young Brazilian, Sebastian by name, who seemed to have the good opinion of Mr. Wainright without possessing any qualifications to justify it.

Sebastian, it was true, never shirked his duties, and always took his share of the work of the crew; but it was easy to see that the predilection of the chief engineer did not rest only upon these qualifications.

The young Brazilian was gentleman-like and good-looking, and there were not wanting hints that his family and rank were superior to his present condition. Some said that he was the son of noble parents, and obliged to leave his native country; others that he was a spy in the service of the Brazilian Government; but all were agreed that he remained in his present employment for the love of the fair Amy Wainright, and the singular favor with which the engineer regarded him was adduced as a convincing proof that the position he could eventually offer his daughter was superior to his present rank. It was indeed surmised by those who knew Mr. Wainright intimately, that the reason he gave so cordial an assent to his daughter's proposal to accompany him, was that Sebastian might have better opportunities of pressing his suit than his occasional visits to Buenos Ayers permitted.

However that might be, Sebastian's love affairs had not prospered. Whether Amy suspected his attentions or not, she continued to keep aloof from him during the voyage, or, if she could not remain in the cabin, would occupy herself in looking at the, to her, new and strange scenery of the river, or in reading intently on the little raised deck of the steamer.

She shared the general belief about the Brazilian's rank, and might not have proved so indifferent had not her thoughts been elsewhere occupied.

A young German, a naturalist at Buenos Ayers, possessed her affections; but, aware of the opposition her father would make to her marriage with one whose worldly position was as yet far from being satisfactory, their engagement was secret.

When, however, the time came for the steam-packet to start again, and Mr. Wainright again desired his daughter to accompany him, and made arrangements for her accommodation, Amy's heart felt very heavy. She could not hide from herself that Sebastian loved her; and though, as a friend, she acknowledged he might prove very agreeable, yet, in the capacity of a lover, his attentions were irksome.

She pleaded disinclination to the voyage; but her father over-ruled her objections, and the next morning the steam-packet was to start.

On leaving his daughter, the engineer encountered Zelger, the young German naturalist, who proposed to him to accompany them, as he was desirous of making some explorations in the interior of Brazil, which could nowhere be so easily reached as by this packet.

His tale sounded plausible, and Mr. Wainright referred him to the captain of the vessel, a military man, who readily acceded to his request.

Amy's eyes brightened when she learned the next morning who was to be their fellow-passenger, and the prospect of the voyage no longer seemed wearisome.

She would have soon tired by herself of watching the jaguars stealing down through the dense thickets to drink, or the alligators sunning themselves like huge logs on the sand-banks, or the hideous water-hogs plunge into the river and swim across; but it was quite different if Zelger was to see them with her; and her satisfaction beamed so brightly on her face, and imparted such animation to her manners, that it was little wonder if poor Sebastian, coming in for a share of her smiles, attributed it to the prospect of a three or four weeks' journey in his society.

"Miss Amy is on the poop," said the engineer to Sebastian, on the third or fourth day of the voyage.

"Leave what you are doing—it is not important."

Sebastian looked up and smiled, and in two minutes was by the side of Amy, and offering to her a beautiful flower of the water-lily of the Paraguay, known in England as the Victoria Regia.

"It is magnificent," said Amy, as she took it absently, "but too large for a bouquet; not like our bright little English flowers."

"If you like bright flowers," said Sebastian, eagerly, "I can get you a handful the next time the boat stops to take in wood."

"I did not mean you to take such trouble," said Amy.

"There are associations about the flowers of our own country which beauty of form and color will never supply."

"You are fond of your own country," said Sebastian; "but Brazil would, if you were to see it, have charms for you."

"I am not likely ever to see it," replied Amy, quietly.

"I believe I am to return to England in another month or two."

"So soon!" exclaimed Sebastian.

"Does your father think —— Oh Amy," he continued, impetuously, "you will never find any one in England who can love you as devotedly as I do.

"You may care for the flowers of your own home, but a true heart is worth more than flowers."

Amy colored, and faltered, "I am very sorry—I had no idea that——"

"No idea that I loved you?" interrupted Sebastian, passionately. "You must have seen it. I thought at least that you were aware of it. Amy, your father told me that I need not despair; that if I could gain your consent, his should not be wanting."

"It is quite impossible," replied Amy.

"I am very sorry. My father could not have said that it was possible I should consent."

Sebastian drew back mortified.

"Tell me only this," he persisted, "that it is not on account of the present inequality of our rank that you refuse me; that if I could attain a higher position, I might have cause to hope."

"No," said Amy, frankly. "Report says, I do not know with what justice, that your rank is superior to your apparent station. That you yourself are superior to it none can deny; nor have I, an engineer's daughter, much right to be fastidious; but this does not, I assure you, influence my decision in the least."

"But if I might speak" said Sebastian, "I could tell you that in my own home at Brazil, the position you would occupy——"

"Say no more," interrupted Amy.

"When considerations of affection can alone move me, an offer of rank is only to insult me. I wish I could have prevented this; but I trust you will soon forget me."

"Never," said Sebastian; and he withdrew, deeply mortified; angry with the engineer for having given him false hopes, and with himself for having hastened on the explanation before Amy's heart had had time to be won. Nevertheless, he did not give up hope; it was something gained that she was now aware of his love. He did not as yet imagine that her heart was engaged elsewhere.

Three hours later, the sun set, and darkness came on, when Sebastian on passing by the open door of the principal cabin, saw the river lily which he had presented to Amy lying on the table, its petals separated, and its stamens spread out in such classified order that it was evident a naturalist had been at work over the specimen.

He entered, and cast a rapid glance around. A botanical volume, with Zelger's name on the title page, lay near. The color flew to his face. Was it thus she treated his offering? She might reject his suit, but to hand his flower over to his more fortunate rival, was an insult to his affection. And that Zelger was his rival he felt no doubt.

All the hot blood of the tropics boiled in his veins. He looked round the cabin. The captain's pistols lay on a side table, and near them his sword and a small sharp dagger. To catch up the latter, conceal it in his dress, and cautiously leave the cabin, was the work of a moment, and with swift but noiseless steps he mounted to the deck.

Amy was still there, leaning over the side of the vessel, looking at the silvery track of the steamer in the moonlit waters of the river; but she was not alone.

The German Zelger was with her, and they must have been conscious that their conversation would not interest any one but themselves, for it was carried on almost in whispers. But, low as it was, Sebastian drew near enough to hear it, and his hand was clenched on the hilt of the little dagger, while Zelger, unconscious of his impending danger, talked on serenely.

"And you think then," said Amy, "that my father would not object to your want of fortune? You know he does not think highly of the chances of a man of science."

"Then," said Zelger, "If he desires it, I'll abandon science, and choose any profession he may point out to me. In this country, and with such a motive for exertion as I possess, a man may achieve anything. If I have to serve seven years for you, Amy, I shall think you cheaply won."

"Then you will speak to my father to-night?" said Amy. "I wish it. I cannot bear him to form plans for me, as I have reason to think he does."

"If any other formed such plans," said Zelger, "he would have some one to settle with who would not give up his claims easily."

As he spoke, he unconsciously stepped forward till he stood on the other side of Amy. The movement probably saved his life. Sebastian had grasped the dagger convulsively and raised his arm to strike, but Amy turned her face towards him. She did not see him, for he stood partially concealed behind a pile of logs, and in deep shadow, but he saw every feature of her face so calm and peacefully happy, that a pang of remorse arrested the blow.

Was she to blame because she chanced to prefer another to himself?—and if she was, could he win her affections by killing her engaged lover? Above all, was Zelger worthy of death because he loved her? He drew back, and as noiselessly as he had advanced, retreated to the fore part of the steamer, and there, as if to put all temptation out of his reach, threw the dagger over the side of the vessel. He stood for a moment watching the waters as they closed over the gleaming steel, much as if he were inclined to share the same fate; but the voice of one of his fellow sailors calling his name, roused him, and he obeyed the summons.

That same night the engineer listened with some disappointment to the young German's proposal. He demurred at first; but in a day or two, when he found how deeply his daughter's heart was engaged, he gave his conditional assent: if Zelger should prosper well in the world during the next two or three years, his daughter should be his.

He would have been glad to question Sebastian, if he had urged his suit; but there was an air of morose dejection over the Brazilian which made him think it was more prudent to respect his reserve.

They had now been steaming for several days up the river Paraguay. To the right were to be seen occasional towns and villages, and stations where the steamer took in wood, dotted here and there amidst the jungle on the banks of the river. To the left was the vast undulating plain, on which no vestige of human life could be discerned.

The river was at that season of the year low, and here and there in the stream large stretches of mud and sand were laid bare, affording a resting place for numerous alligators.

The utmost care was required to steer the vessel safely through the narrow channels, approaching sometimes so near to the desert shore, that the crew could over-look the country for some distance. None of the wild inhabitants of the soil however were visible. Amy and Zelger both expressed some curiosity concerning them, and on one occasion, when the steamer stopped for some hours, the young German inquired if, by landing, he should have any chance of meeting them.

"A very likely chance," replied the engineer, "which no man in his senses would tempt. It would be as much as your life is worth to walk half-a-mile on that side of the river."

The morning afterwards Amy was awakened from her slumbers by a sudden shock of the vessel: then came an unusual bustle overhead, and she at once guessed that the steamer had run aground on one of the frequent sandbanks.

Hastily dressing, she ran on deck to ascertain if her conjecture was right; but as her foot was on the last stair, an unearthly yell, that seemed to fill the air, burst around her.

The moment was a terrible one for stouter hearts than Amy's. A group of fifty plumed and painted Indians occupied the sandbank, some with terrific yells, were endeavoring to climb the sides of the steamboat.

They could see others gallop furiously across the plain, and dismounting from their horses, wade through the shallow water which alone flowed between the shore and the broad sheet of sand. Few of the crew had their arms in readiness; and, had they been prepared for the attack, their numbers were but a handful compared with their assailants.

While Amy looked on in speechless horror, an arrow shot past her head, and quivered in the woodwork behind her; another, she saw, had found its aim in the body of one of the sailors. At the same moment a strong arm was thrown round her waist, and she was dragged back into the shelter of the companion-way. It was Sebastian.

"Go down, Amy! go down!" he cried. "The arrows, they say, are poisoned."

"But where is my father?—where is Zelger?" she cried. "Are they hurt? Cannot we escape?"

"Your father is below with his engines," replied Sebastian.

"I trust, indeed, he can get us off, for we cannot drive the Indians away."

Amy hurried below to assure herself of her father's safety. The engine was beginning to do its office, though but slowly, for the boat had run fast aground.

"Thank God she is stirring!" said Mr. Wainright, who was as pale as death.

"More wood yet, Morrison!"

"Father, where is Zelger?" said Amy.

"Safe, my child, I trust," he replied.

"Once off, we shall soon distance the savages."

Meanwhile Zelger was aiding the rest of the crew, who were not required about the engines, to repel the savages. One powerful Indian, who was climbing the side of the boat, he had beaten down with the butt-end of a musket he had no time to reload. The captain used his firearms with effect, and the rest of the crew behaved gallantly, but the fight was manifestly going against them. The storm of arrows flew thick and fast, and several of the men had fallen.

"She moves! Heaven be praised!" cried the captain. "One more effort, men, and we are free."

The engines groaned, the vessel stirred, and once more the water flowed around it. Zelger, who was standing on the side of the boat, heedless in his fight with the Indian of the exposure of his person, was struck by an arrow. He lost his balance and fell, caught at the side of the boat, missed his hold, and fell heavily into the water.

With yells of triumph three of the Indians on the sandbank waded into the water to seize their prey.

"It is the German. He's lost!" said the captain; but even as he spoke another plunge was heard in the river. It was Sebastian, who had seen his rival's fall.

The water was already beyond Sebastian's depth, and he swam rapidly towards Zelger, who was struggling in the shallower water, between him and the sandbank. On the other side were the three Indians advancing. Something or other delayed their advance; he reached the German the first, and seizing his clothes with one hand he turned round, and swam towards the boat. She was still grating among the sandbanks, unable to put on her steam or increase her speed, and all the crew who had been on deck were thronged to that side of it which commanded a view of the swimmers. A rope was thrown over, and held by half a dozen eager hands; and had it even been prudent to do so, there was no possibility of stopping the steamer in time to rescue them.

Sebastian was making but little headway. Zelger, now completely senseless, impeded his progress, and the Indians were gaining on him.

"Leave the German, Sebastian, save yourself!" shouted the crew, but Sebastian still struggled on with his burden. The current which aided him aided also his enemies.

"We shall be in clear water directly," said the captain.

"We shall lose Sebastian if we are," said one of the men who had been occupied in reloading his rifle. He levelled it at the foremost Indian, and his bullet took effect. The savage, severely wounded, ceased to swim onwards, and his two comrades stopped with him.

Another mud bank stayed the course of the vessel, which was still almost touching the western shore. While she ground her way slowly through it, Sebastian gained on her.

Several Indians had now galloped along the shore, and were nearly abreast of the vessel, when Sebastian reached it and laid his hand on the rope. His first care was to fasten Zelger's body firmly to it, both now being drawn along by the rope. In doing this he raised himself partially out of the water.

"Hold on, and we shall save you yet," cried the captain. "Take care, Sebastian, those fellows on the bank are adjusting their arrows."

The captain's warning came too late—the missiles had sped. Sebastian uttered a cry, loosed his hold of the rope, strove wildly to catch it again, and failing to do so, sank into the muddy waters of the Paraguay.

The arrows of the Indians had found his heart. At the same instant, the steamer, freed from her last obstacle, shot away from the spot, and sped swiftly into the middle current of the river.

The Indians were fairly distanced. Zelger's body, still fastened to the rope, was drawn on to the deck, where he gradually recovered animation.

The Indian arrows could not have been poisoned, for his wound was not fatal, and but one of the sailors was mortally hurt.

This man and the young Brazilian made up the sum of the lost, but there were many others wounded. When at a safe distance from the shore, the engines were reversed, and the boat once more resumed her course up the river.

Zelger, as we have said, recovered, though it may fairly be supposed that this adven-

ture damped his ardor for naturalistic discoveries for the rest of the journey.

He returned with the steamboat, and shortly after their arrival at Buenos Ayres, the engineer, moved by the thought of the danger the young man had run, gave his consent to his marriage with Amy, which soon took place. Mr. Wainright, however, never ceased to regret Sebastian, though he could not help rejoicing that his daughter had married the man she loved.

Who the young Brazilian was, was never exactly known. His death caused no commotion in Buenos Ayres; but it was remarked, however, that a month afterwards, one of the noblest families in Rio went into deep mourning, though whether this had any connection with the untimely fate of the Brazilian sailor, could never be ascertained.

Happy at Last.

BY WILSON BENNON.

"MISS ROSELEAF—Mr. Egberton."

As Madam Maurice pronounced the name of the lady to whom he was about to be presented, Roscoe Egberton turned and bowed to a young girl of twenty, with an innocent face and brown eyes.

So this was madam's ward—Miss Rose Leaf.

"Roseleaf," he had heard her called.

Well, he was glad she was so pretty, since he must spend a rainy week with her in the dull old country house of the Poplars.

How the old Lombardy poplars did rustle and reel in the damp, cold wind, before the windows.

He watched them distinctly; and Madam Maurice watched him, while Roseleaf went away to the piano, to sing with the children.

"Come, Roe," madam said at last, "don't be always pining for the city and Lalage Summers.

"She won't miss you, I'll be bound.

"Anyway, you are safely caged here until Saturday.

"So be a good boy, and try to be agreeable to Rose.

"I want to make her stay as pleasant as possible."

With all his faults, Roscoe Egberton was not ill-natured, so he flung aside his book with a smile, and went over to the piano.

He concluded, after one evening—which wasn't so dull, after all—that "Roseleaf" was even more good than she was pretty.

But his heart was in the Highlands, and Roe was as madly in love with her as twenty other men had been.

By what caprice she had smiled on him, I cannot tell, but smile she did.

People opened their eyes, especially those who knew the young lady best; for young Egberton was only a banking-clerk, on a salary of one thousand dollars a year.

But those "sweet eyes and low replies" had been his for a month and a day, when his aristocratic great aunt—who was too sincerely his friend to be disregarded—called him to the Poplars for a week's visit with her, where the late autumn and her authority held him, sorely as he longed to be gone.

But, as I have said, he was not ill-natured, and since he found the Poplars dull, this young girl must find them dull also; and his great aunt was kind, and he must not be disobliging.

So Roscoe chatted and sang with Roseleaf.

One evening he made caricature drawings of all his friends for her, at which Madam Maurice laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks—for she knew the people, and knew how cleverly Roe had delineated them.

He liked to make Roseleaf smile—there was such a charming dimple in her cool, white cheek—and so he went on making illustrations, each funnier than the last, until they were all in a gale of merriment.

He had a fund of anecdote, was full of resources to while away tediousness, and while he brightened the time for others, he so far succeeded in brightening it for himself that he was actually made more happy on Saturday than on Monday.

But that was because he was going to Lalage, he thought.

"Don't quite forget me," he said, holding Roseleaf's pretty little hand at parting.

"No fear of that!

"Why, this has been the happiest week I ever knew!" cried the girl frankly.

She was such a truthful, innocent little thing—just what people call "a darling," he thought.

Here the whistle sounded in the distance.

He hurriedly shook hands with his aunt, and jumped into the carriage which was to bear him to the station.

Lalage!

She met him with a tragic air of repressed emotion.

Her heart was still his, but it was breaking.

Her father was on the verge of bankruptcy, and to save him she had promised to marry old Avoirdupois Poppleton.

It was a terrible sacrifice, but a duty she owed to her father.

Had he not lavished a fortune upon her?

Should she see him impoverished, sink broken-hearted into his grave?

No, never!

Her own hopes might be blighted, her happiness at an end, but she could suffer and make no sign.

Her father never dreamed of the truth.

Her love for Roe was her secret—and his.

Let him kiss her once more, and let them part.

But Roe, terribly excited, stoutly resisted.

Had she not signified her willingness to marry him?

Her plan was monstrous—must not be allowed!

He would appeal to her father.

He would make an effort to raise the money.

But Lalage shook her head.

It broke her heart to so afflict him, but there was no use in resisting fate.

She had decided, and her decision was unalterable.

Spare them both, and acquiesce as calmly as possible.

She looked so beautiful in her heroism, with her blue eyes and golden hair, that a groan was wrung from Roe's lips.

Was he to lose her, and for ever?

He was incredulous of such cruelty at the hands of a hitherto kind fate.

He could not do aught but obey, and they parted.

The winter was like a nightmare.

He saw Lalage quite frequently in society.

She would give him a moment of conversation or a waltz, but as he looked repeatedly into her dazzling face, it came home to him at length that her decision was irrevocable.

He had long resisted the conviction, but he was forced to believe it at last.

The day for the wedding had been arranged.

Could it be that the girl whom he loved so madly was really to be the wife of another?

The violence of his emotions, the depths of his misery, almost deprived him of reason.

And he bore his sufferings alone.

There was no one to confide in; no sympathy to make this terrible disappointment easier to bear.

Only, one day, as he went down the street in the monotonous performance of his business duties, Madam Maurice beckoned him to her carriage window.

"How do you do, Roe?" she said, looking at him sharply.

"I am in town, shopping for Roseleaf.

"She is in mourning for her brother, her last relative.

"He died of consumption, poor boy!

"She was devoted to him until the last.

"I has been a very sad winter for her.

"Such a late spring, isn't it?

"As soon as possible come and see me, Roe."

He did not know how she pitied him as she drove away, how savagely angry she was with Lalage Summers.

He saw and heard everybody, in the dark dream which possessed him, indifferently.

People told him he was looking very ill; and at length he was sent away on business.

When he came back the wedding was over.

Lalage was married.

He did not see her now—she had gone to Paris on her wedding tour—but he thought and dreamed of her incessantly.

How did she carry herself in the new life?

Was she still brave and beautiful?

Oh, those haunting eyes—that hair of gold!

Oh, beautiful Lalage! was she not his in heart, though the wide sea and marriage vows divided them?

His rack of pain seemed interminable, yet it was only June when, returning from a business trip, he found himself in the neighborhood of the Poplars, and, with a faint, strange sensation of pleasure, saw Roseleaf reading on the lawn.

When he came noiselessly over the turf and stood at her side, she looked up surprised, and a faint color came into her sweet young cheek.

"Mr. Egberton," she cried.

He received the same tender, magnetic little hand, but she looked strange, though lovely, in the black dress.

Her countenance had a chastened look, as soon as the momentary emotion had faded.

Her clustering, light brown hair was tied back plainly with a black ribbon.

"I was sorry to hear of your trouble," he said, pressing her hand.

She colored faintly, and rewarded him by a look.

"You—have you been quite well of late?" she asked hesitatingly, looking at him.

"Not very well.

"Are you staying with my aunt, Roseleaf?"

"Yes, for the present."

They went on together to the house.

Madam Maurice welcomed him cordially.

"Very nice of you to come and see my exhibition of roses this fine weather.

"Have you dined?" she said.

But her eyes were more eloquent than her words.

After dinner they spent the afternoon in the garden, and in a rustic arbor Roseleaf told him of her brother—showed him a picture of the bright, winning boy, to whom she had been mother and sister, and of whom she had hoped everything.

She was two years his senior.

The pure, tender heart of that girl was a revelation to him.

Madam Maurice observed his rapt attention.

She was pleased by this, and let him alone for a day or two.

But when she found him alone in the garden, moping, two days later, she could restrain herself no longer.

"Roe, are you going to regret that vain girl for ever?

"I must open your eyes to the truth.

"She is as utterly heartless as it is possible for a woman to be."

"Heartless!" he cried.

"She loved me.

"And she made an utter sacrifice of herself for her father's sake."

"Told you he was on the brink of ruin, didn't she?

"My dear boy, I happen to know that Mr. Summers' financial affairs have never been more prosperous than they are at present.

"He has never approached failure.

"Lalage married Mr. Poppleton because he was the richest of her admirers, and for years had intended to do so.

"There is no limit to her extravagance and worldly ambition.

"She was simply playing with you, and she has told you deliberate falsehoods."

The upshot of this was Roe quarreled with his aunt, and left her house, he thought for ever.

But, with terrible mortification, he at length acknowledged her to be right.

A score of minor developments proved it, after Lalage returned from Paris.

He gazed upon her beautiful face, detected the rouge, and was disillusioned.

It was not the mere painted penciling he detected.

It was the utter absence of truth and feeling, and he hid his diminished head with a sense of utter humiliation at his folly, as he realized the past.

There was another face by the light of which he read that of Lalage more truly—it was Roseleaf's.

All summer he longed to go to the Poplars, but would not go.

He must be the laughing-stock of all his friends, he thought.

He wondered if Roseleaf knew, and what she thought of him.

One day he found himself at Madam Maurice's door.

She shook hands with him, with a smile which showed how vexed she had been.

"So you have come to your senses at last, Roe.

"I am very glad," she said.

"I am quite alone, but shall be pleased with your company," she added.

"Roseleaf is not with you?"

"No.

"She has gone away with the children," gratified to see his face fall.

But she was kind to him, forgave him, petted him; best of all, talked to him of Roseleaf.

"She is one in a thousand.

"One cannot really know Roseleaf but to love her.

"She is all truth and love.

"Her nature is as unchangeable as heaven itself."

The season was drawing to a close, and in a few days Roseleaf returned, full of life and sweetness.

She received Roe cordially, evidently glad to see him.

Then she turned to Madam Maurice.

"Mr. Melton will be here this evening. I have just had a letter from him."

Who was Mr. Melton.

Had Roseleaf a lover?

He had never dreamed of such a thing.

Mr. Melton and Roseleaf were walking on the lawn.

He watched them from the window with a sick heart.

Madam had a seat near him.

He met her eye.

"A very handsome couple," she remarked.

"Is she engaged to him?" demanded Roe.

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because I love her."

"You had better tell her so."

"I will."

Mr. Melton had parted from Roseleaf and gone down the road.

She was returning to the house.

Roe went out and joined her.

It did not seem an auspicious moment, but, by-and-by, the two came in together.

He was radiant.

"It is all right.

"She is mine!

"Congratulate me. He is engaged to her cousin."

"With all my heart," said Madam Maurice.

She congratulated herself also for being the queen of match-makers.

ALTHOUGH contrary to law, the practice of selling children is carried on without much disguise in some parts of Japan. A native was recently arrested for selling two children under five years of age to some Chinese.

In the Interest of Suffering Humanity

We call attention to a new Vitalizing Treatment which is taken by simple inhalation, and which acts directly upon the weakened nerve-centres and vital organs, restoring them to their normal activity. Its operations are all in the line of physiological laws and forces, and it cures by giving to nature her true and healthy control in the human organism. Thousands of most wonderful cures have been made during the last thirteen years. If you are in need of such a treatment, write to DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, to send you such documents and reports of cases as will enable you to judge for yourself as to its efficacy in your own case.

His Mistake.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

ALONE in his studio, a celebrated artist was putting the finishing touches to one of his matchless paintings.

A few hours later would find him engaged with a sitter, so he had to work busily to accomplish his work before that time, as it was to be placed upon exhibition the next day.

A cautious hand pulled away the heavy silken drapery which shut him in from the large ante-room, which was always open to visitors, and an attendant came in with a card in his hand.

"He would not be refused," he said deprecatingly, in answer to the look of annoyance with which his master greeted him.

"He has come from afar, and is an old friend.

"He has written a message upon this card."

Taking the card, the artist read—

"EUGENE,—

"I have presumed to disregard your servant's persistent desire to turn me away.

"But you will be glad, instead of angry, I am sure, for I bring you news from home.

"Your old friend,

"FELIX MARTELLE."

That name struck a chord which never fails to vibrate in the human heart.

It brought with it happy recollections of childhood.

"It is well, Jean.

"Conduct the gentleman to me at once.

"But mind," as the man turned away, "bring no more messages this morning, for I am very busy."

There was a visible increase of deference in Jean's manner as he again made his appearance before the intruder.

Surely he must be of most high rank and importance for the master thus to break through his rule and receive him in his working hours.

"Well, Felix, this is indeed a pleasant surprise," said Delacroix, as he came forward to meet him.

"I am rejoiced to see you, but I must now only give you a welcome from my heart, and then ask you to come again, as I have only a short time in which to finish this," —with a motion of his hand towards the picture—"and it must be hung to-night.

"Come in again to-morrow, and we will have a talk over old times."

After Felix had gone, a note came from the expected sitter, saying that he would be obliged to transfer the fulfilment of his engagement to the next day of the same hour.

"So I might have had my visit with Felix after all," was the first thought of the artist.

But he soon forgot all else in his work.

Time wore on, and brought Felix promptly with the morning hours, and he received a cordial welcome.

After a while Eugene said—

"Well, my friend, how goes the world with you nowadays?

"It used to be a rose-colored scene of action with you when we were boys together.

"I used to feel 'Would that I were Felix,' when I, the orphan lad, saw you in your happy home, with a father and mother to smile at you.

"Is life still as bright with you?"

"Things have changed," answered Felix, half sadly.

"I have lost all—parents and fortune.

"But I have health and energy, so I do not despair.

"I mean to conquer success."

Eugene glanced at the ruddy color upon Felix's brown cheek, and met the sparkle of his dark eyes with an approving glance.

"That's the right spirit.

"Fortune helps those who help themselves.

"But what do you propose to do?"

"As mathematics was my favorite study, I am, of course, a good accountant, and shall try for something of that kind. Until I find it I will do anything."

"If I remember right, you were a fair draughtsman, Felix.

"Can you copy a picture?

"If so, I can give you some work.

"I have an order for several duplicates of one of my paintings, and if you can sketch the outlines it will assist me greatly.

"Of course, I must give the finishing touches myself."

"It is a bargain, Eugene.

"I am your man until something in my chosen line turns up."

So Felix was installed as a worker in Eugene Delacroix's studio, and a faithful assistant he proved himself.

One morning he had occasion to go into the inner room, where few besides the artist ever intruded.

Delacroix had evidently been at work, for there stood a model posed for one of the principal figures in a large painting upon which he was engaged.

Despite the miserable garments in which the stranger was clothed, there was an air of native nobility in his pale face, although it was bent in abject humility—for the part was that of a mendicant beseeching alms of a beautiful young girl, who, with her attendant had evidently come out for a walk in the broad avenue.

Felix felt a thrill of compassion as he glanced at the poor old man.

Why had destiny placed him in such a

mental place while inferior men in every respect but that of possessing a goodly share of the "root of evil"—money—were luxuriously housed and clad?

Yielding to his generous impulse, he put his hand in his pocket and drew forth his wallet.

It contained all his worldly wealth, and the amount was small.

He divided it hastily into two portions, and pressed one of them into the mendicant's hand.

"Here," he said, "take this.

"I would give you more, but I cannot spare it."

A look of surprise came into the eyes of the recipient of this unasked-for charity, and he opened his lips as though to speak.

But he checked himself and bowed his silvered head in humble thankfulness.

Footsteps approached, and as Delacroix entered, Felix retreated.

A murmur of voices reached his ears for a moment from within, and then all was silent.

Later in the day Delacroix came in, and stood for a time watching Felix as he copied.

Then he said—

"So you took pity on my model and gave him some money.

"How do you know that he will make a worthy use of it?"

"I never saw such a noble face!" said Felix impetuously, "and it went to my heart to see its owner in such a sorry plight."

"And so you gave him as freely as though money was plentiful with you.

"Well, for once it will not matter.

"But let me give you a word of advice, Felix.

"Don't empty your wallet into the hand of every poor fellow you may come across, for they are as plentiful as the roses in June."

Felix flushed as he answered—

"I should be a beggar myself if I gave away much more.

"But I don't begrudge the gift, even if it were unwisely done."

No more was said at the time, but a few days later there came an invitation to bid the celebrated painter to a grand dinner at the house of one of his most influential patrons.

It was not couched in the formal terms with which a great man usually words his invitations to dinner.

It was written as one friend addresses another.

Near its close was this—

"I hear you have a playmate of former days staying with you. Bring him with you also.

"For one whom you honor with your esteem is surely worthy of mine."

Although his fortunes were at a low ebb at the present time, Felix was well-born and well bred, and he accepted the unexpected invitation with the eager pleasure of one who has been shut out from his proper sphere, and sees again the charmed doors open to him.

He found his host's appointings of almost fabulous magnificence.

But he was as much at his ease as any one of the assembled guests, and he himself in his manly comeliness was as pleasing to look at as the priceless gems of art upon the walls of the princely salon.

The party was a small one.

But it made up in quality what it lacked in quantity.

The men were most of them famed in science, art, or philosophy, and the women were graceful and beautiful, as well as abounding in that gentle courtesy which adds so much to the enjoyment of an entertainment at which they may be present.

One young girl attracted the admiring attention of Felix.

She said but little, but her sparkling eyes and interested face had a most intelligent engagement their own.

She was evidently a favorite with the noble entertainer, as, after the formal courses of the dinner had been served and the guests had adjourned to the drawing-room, she monopolized his attention for a few minutes in a playful way, which proclaimed the footing upon which she stood in his good graces.

After awhile the conversation turned upon personations of character, and about that time the host was called away.

Soon, to the astonishment of all, the door opened and an abject-looking mendicant came into the room, and went about with outstretched hand soliciting aid.

To Felix's intense surprise he recognized the model to whom he had given money in his friend's studio, but he had no thought of its being a disguise until, with a gay laugh, Miss Montalde said, as he approached her—

"It is most excellent, Sir James, but you should have stained your hand.

"No beggar owns such a tender palm as that."

Then, amid the general merriment which the detection of the ruse called forth, Sir James Rothschild—for it was he—threw off his disguise, and appeared again in his true character, that of a polished and urbane man of the world.

As may be imagined, Felix was overwhelmed with confusion, but although the baronet threw his eyes upon him for an instant with a meaning smile, nothing was said about the scene in the studio, and in listening to the brilliant and instructive conversation which followed Felix soon forgot to be embarrassed.

Felix's mistaken charity proved to be the turning-point in his fortunes.

It was not long before, through the influence of Sir James Rothschild, he was appointed to an honorable and lucrative position.

The baron had been struck with his impulsive and unstinted charity, and of his unostentatious way of giving.

The admiration which had filled Felix's heart for Miss Montalde on the first evening of their meeting was also destined to become the nucleus of a warmer feeling towards her.

It was reciprocated, and in time she became his wife.

So Felix Martelle owes his happiness in love and his prosperity in worldly affairs to his fortunate mistake.

SOME OLD SONGS.—There is nothing about which mankind in general and people in particular are so much mistaken as the authorship of our popular songs.

"Auld Lang Syne" is generally supposed to be the composition of Burns, but in fact he wrote only the second and third verses of the ballad as commonly sung, retouching the others from an older and less familiar song.

"Woodman, Spare that Tree!" was the result of an incident that happened to George P. Morris.

A friend's mother had owned a little place in the country which she was obliged from poverty to sell.

On the property grew a large oak which had been planted by his grandfather. The purchaser of the house and land proposed to cut down the tree, and Morris's friend paid him fifty dollars for a bond that the oak should be spared.

Morris heard the story, saw the tree and wrote the song.

"Oft in the Stilly Night" was produced by Moore after his family had undergone apparently every possible misfortune. One of his children died young, another went astray, and a third was accidentally killed. "The Light of Other Days" was written to be introduced into Balfe's opera, "The Maid of Artois."

The opera is forgotten, but the song still lives, and is popular as ever.

Payne wrote "Home, Sweet Home" to help fill up an opera he was preparing, and at first it had four stanzas. The author never received anything for it, but though the opera was a failure when played in Covent Garden Theatre, the song took, and over one hundred thousand copies were sold the first year.

The melody is believed to be a Sicilian air, and Donizetti has a variation of it in his opera, "Anna Bolena." Once while laboring under great mental depression, Payne wrote, "How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing or hand-organs playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy myself the next meal, or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song till every heart is familiar with its melody: yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood, and in my old age have to submit to humiliation for my bread." Foster's "Old Folks at Home" was the best song he ever wrote. Over four hundred thousand copies were sold by the firm that first published it.

"A Life on the Ocean Wave," by Epes Sargent, was pronounced a failure by his friends. The copyright of the song became very valuable, though Sargent never got anything for it himself. "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" was suggested to Doctor Carpenter by a scene from Dickens's novel, "Dombey and Son," and the music was by Glover. "Love's Young Dream" was one of Moore's best, but the tune to which it is commonly sung is from an Irish ballad called "The Old Woman." Moore sang his own songs so well that both the auditors and himself were often moved to tears. Once when he was singing this song a lady who heard him implored him to stop.

"For heaven's sake stop; this is not good for any soul."

"Auld Robin Gray," was the work of Lady Anne Lindsay, who tells a curious story of the circumstances of its composition:—"I called to my little sister, the only person near, and said, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes.

"'I have already sent her Jamie to the sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines poor thing. Help me to one.' 'Sell the cow,' said little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately killed by me, and the song completed."

"Kathleen Mavourneen" was sold by Crouch, its author, for twenty-five dollars, and brought the publisher as many thousands.

When Mademoiselle Tittens was here a number of years ago, she sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" in New York, when an old man introduced himself as Crouch, was recognized, and thanked her for singing the song so well.

"Home, Sweet Home" was the only English song that the Emperor Napoleon liked.

"I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree" is said to have been written by a young English nobleman in love with Princess (Queen) Victoria.

"Annie Laurie" is two hundred years old, and was the production of a man named Douglass to celebrate the praise of a girl named Laurie.

The lady afterwards deserted the man who made her famous, and married a man named Ferguson.

"Sally in Our Alley" was written by Carey, the dramatist.

Scientific and Useful.

SEED PLANTER.—A new fangled machine for the farmer is the new corn and pumpkin seed planter. It is a tin spout in two compartments, with a spade-like lever on one extremity. An enterprising agriculturist jabs the lower end into the ground until a projection on the side opens a valve within the spout. The planter obligingly drops, by this operation, the number of seeds pre-arranged. A man can plant twenty hills with this to one by the old way.

ELECTRICAL FLANNEL.—An electric curiosity has been invented. It is a flannel to cure or alleviate rheumatism. It contains per kilo, 115 grammes of the oxides of tin, copper, zinc and iron. A series of threads of this fabric is impregnated with these metallic products, and each series is alternately separated by raw threads. The flannel thus prepared constitutes a true dry pile. It is said to develop electricity by simple contact with the body, or better still, with the products of perspiration.

STEAM.—It is reported that a firm in Paris has patented an invention for the instantaneous formation of steam, so that it can be used at once in the cylinder of the engine. A pump sends the required quantity of water between two plate surfaces, which are heated, and between which there is only capillary space. The liquid, spreading into a thin layer, evaporates instantly without going into the so-called spheroidal state, and the steam acts in the cylinder as fresh formed steam. The speed of the pump is regulated by the engine.

BELTS.—The very best thing to make a belt hold well is a can of good neats-foot oil, applied often enough to make it soft and pliable. This will never glaze over, and the belt will work every day alike, so you know just how much load it will bear and not give out. This is what is called the natural and proper treatment for a belt. There are a great many that make it a point to keep a dish of resin at hand, and every little while use it to make the belt do what it ought to do without resin. It makes things slap for a little while, but it soon glazes over, and in the end is worse than nothing.

THE HORSE.—Speaking of the American trotting horse a scientist says that it is very probable that the trotter will finally surpass the running horse. Beside mathematical evidence, he advances the following: The trotter carries his body more steadily—with less of rise and fall—than the runner, and it seems very reasonable that this should result to the advantage of the trotter when the process of developing and adjusting his muscles and chest shall have been reduced to a matter of immaterial capacity. He concludes that it is very evident now that our good ancestors, who thought it wicked to run horses, builded more wisely than they knew when they began the evolution of the American trotting horse.

Farm and Garden.

SANDY SOILS.—A difficulty with sandy soils is that its porosity permits of the rapid evaporation of moisture from the surface being replaced, through capillary attraction by that lower down in the soil. It has been demonstrated that on soils mulching in summer is highly advantageous, and that the labor and expense of so doing is more than balanced by the vigor of growth in crops, productiveness and freedom from drought, as the covering not only assists to retain the moisture, but, by the agency of shade and moisture, partially enriches the soil by chemical action.

PLANTS.—It should be a practice to cut the fruit stalks of flowering plants as soon as the flowers fall. It is an exhaustive process to the plant to bear fruit. Such plants as snap-dragons, Chinese pinks and other biennials that flower the first year from the seed can generally be made to flower the second year if not allowed to fruit. Care should also be exercised in regard to the plants from which seed is to be selected. The best and strongest plants mature the best and strongest seeds. Any particular color or form can be perpetuated in many cases by a judicious selection of seed.

WIRE-WORMS.—A practicing gardener says he kills or repels wire-worms with spent gas-lime, largely mixed with manure. He procures a wagon-load of gas-lime and mixes it with three or four times as much strong and short manure, mixed with about an equal quantity of good soil. This is spread broadcast over the ground and plowed in. The next spring root or other crops are planted on this ground after it has been thoroughly stirred, and no wire-worms are to be seen. The quantity is what would be termed a moderate dressing of the manure; too much gas-lime would injure the crop. Farmers who live near gas-works may easily try this on their fields infested with wire-worms.

VERMIN.—To get rid of vermin on calves and sheep: Take lard, or lard oil, or, what is better still if you have it, the grease from dried pork, and add one-third of crude or refined petroleum; melt the lard and shake thoroughly together, applying it as hot as possible without burning the animal, to which it is applied. Part the wool on the sheep's back from head to tail, and saturate with the melted compound. Calves can be treated much the same way. By doing this a week or ten days after shearing and again in the fall, before they go into winter quarters, sheep may be kept free of vermin. This remedy is better than tobacco water, which operates to sicken and stunt the growth of animals to which it is applied.

New Publications.

"The Fate of Marcel" by Caleb Harlan, M.D., is in the nature of a sequel to his former work "Elfora of the Susquehanna." The localities and characters are domestic, and while there is nothing about the story to lift it into marked excellence it is sure to please all readers. It is neatly printed and bound. Lippincott & Co., Publishers. Price, $1,25.

The Price She Paid is a new and good story by Frank Lee Benedict. The plot may not be very new or startling, but it is always interesting, and well worked out while the characters if familiar are acquaintances it is a pleasure to meet. In the book before us he has his usual contrasts, the fashionable woman and the rural beauty. How he depicts their adventures in five hundred pages we leave to the reader, promising, however, he will find naught to displease, but much to gratify and entertain those who are fond of this class of fiction. The book is very neatly printed and bound. Price $1,25. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

Beyond The Sunrise, observations by two travelers. The subjects treated in this volume, which is the production of two well-known American writers, are Psychology, Clairvoyance and Theosophy. In the form of sketches they outline the philosophy of Psychology, and relate phenomena wholly outside of, and apart from Spiritualism, with which it is associated in the popular mind in this country. It is a very interesting book. John W. Lovell Co., Publishers 14 and 16 Vesey Street, New York. Price 20 cents.

MAGAZINES.

The September number of *The Manhattan* is varied and entertaining. The sublimity of the scenery in the far West is well depicted in Wm. H. Rideing's interesting prose and Thomas Moran's good drawings. The instalment of Mr. Hawthorne's "Beatrix Randolph," has a tantalizing close, while a character sketch, "Excommunicated for Laziness," by Rev. Wm. M. Baker, has some of the best qualities of his vigorous pen. Kate Field concludes her lively "Diary in the Engadine," and "A Grave Matter Fifty Years Ago," by Benjamin F. Taylor, is in his happiest vein. Literary readers will relish a fine analysis of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, by Joel Benton, and the damage to American Literature, by lack of an international copyright is forcibly shown by Kinahan Cornwallis. The poets of the number are: Louise Chandler Moulton, H. C. Bunner, R. K. Munkittrick, Mr. and Mrs. Platt, A. E. Lancaster, Wm. T. Peters, and others. The October number will have a poem from John G. Whittier. Published at Temple Court, New York, N. Y. $3.00 per year.

St. Nicholas' Magazine, for September, is a breezy autumn number, which Louisa M. Alcott opens with a charming story of child-life entitled Little Pyramus and Thisbe, telling how a boy and girl became great friends through a hole in the wall. Lost in the Woods is a graphic account of the remarkable adventures of the Lorre children, who for more than a week last summer wandered through the forests of northern Michigan, and were vainly sought by miners from the Allouez, Calumet and Hecla, and neighboring mines, over 1,300 men at one time joining in the search. The children through all their hardships had not lost heart, and when eventually found were bravely following out the plan which was bringing them safely home. The Work and Play department contains the first half of a profusely illustrated article on The Playthings and Amusements of an Old-Fashioned Boy, who lived when boys had to make their own toys or go without. Modern boys will be able to get many hints from his clever contrivances. Several very pretty poems, fine Illustrations and the serial stories make up a bright number of St. Nicholas. The Century Co., New York.

Lippincott's Magazine for September has an attractive table of contents, including several articles of special interest. An Italian watering-place: Viareggio, is the subject of an illustrated paper. Under the title of John Brown's Raid, Col. A. K. McClure gives an account of that affair. In Suspense is an among many more productions, but apparently from the pen of an English writer well acquainted with Canada, Bishop Wilberforce, and Beaconsfield. Five Graves in Montana, by S. H. Gridley, editor of the Springfield *Republican*, traces the history of a notorious gang of "road agents;" Our Summer Court is a sparkling, by P. Deming, is a very pleasant rural sketch; The Metropolis of the Farm, by Edward C. Bruce, calls up all the associations connected with barns. The Jewel in the Lotus, maintains its interest; and the short stories, Dalia Grunwet, by Arlo Bates; The Worst Man in the Troop, by Capt. Charles King, and The Discipline of Paper Dolls, by Annie Eliot, are varied and entertaining. There are, as usual, several good things in the Monthly Gossip. Lippincott is always readable. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan Exclusive. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Our Young Folks.

CHOPS AND HIS FORTUNE.

BY PIPKIN.

POOR Tim awoke one morning with a shiver indicative of what the day was going to be like—cold, decidedly cold.

Many people at that early hour would have turned round again, and indulged in another cozy sleep, but Tim's bed was not of the kind to favor much indulgence—it was only a sack spread in one corner of the room he called his home.

Tim was always glad to escape from this room into the streets.

So after lying still a few seconds, to realize properly his return from dreamland—that delightful country in which last night he had wandered farther than ever, he jumped up, and washed and dressed himself all in one little shake of his small person.

Then slipping between the prostrate bodies of the sleepers, he shuffled cheerfully downstairs, ready to begin another day of privation and vagrancy, with a light heart.

At the entrance to the court where Tim lived was a man selling hot coffee at a stall.

The fragrant odor was delicious to Tim's nostrils.

He knew what hot coffee was like.

A man had once given him a cupful for nothing.

That man had sold nearly all, and was packing up his traps, when the fancy took him to offer Tim a cup.

Of course Tim promptly accepted this remarkable offer, but in his own mind he looked upon the giver as a regular "softie."

Wandering in aimless mood through Trafalgar Square he saw coming toward him a one-eared, tail-less cur.

The small boy and the small dog stood and looked at each other cunningly.

Tim cast about him for a stone, for he considered stray dogs as legitimate butts.

But the asphalt pavement offered no missile to his hand, and meantime the dog had walked cautiously up, and was snuffing at his trouser-leg.

He looked up at Tim with doubtful gaze, ready to fly or be friendly as the case might warrant, and Tim looked down on him, and straightway fell in love at first sight.

This fortunate dog had a dirty white coat and a yellow patch over one eye.

His tail and one ear had been lost in the wars.

His master immediately named him "Chops."

Why, I cannot tell, but the dog appeared to like the name when he was told it, and he answered as well to it as to anything else.

After a time, finding sitting still too cold an occupation, I mstrolled off Citywards with Chops at his heels, and an indescribable expression of pride on his face.

It is something to have a dog of your own, and that dog such a one as Chops.

He wandered around all day with his new found friend, and towards night turned his steps homeward.

Presently Tim met a friend, named Jim, to whom he exhibited his dog with a reasonable pride.

Jim was deeply struck, and rather envious.

He eyed Chop in a deprecatory manner.

"Whorever did you git that dog?" asked he.

"I bought him," declared Tim, audaciously.

"Oh, yes!" replied the incredulous Jim.

"Well, I picked him up," admitted Tim.

"He ain't much, anyways," said Jim, who none the less secretly admired Tim's good fortune.

"Ain't he, though!" said Tim; "he's a prime dawg, I can tell yer!"

"What can he do?" said Jim. "He can't rat!"

"Can't he!" cried Tim, "he can though, and swim too."

"Come on, let's try him," suggested Jim

And Tim agreed

So the dilapidated trio made off for the park, and here Chops did himself and his master infinite credit, and quite won Jim's heart, and what was more, his enthusiastic praise.

Tim had a very happy time.

He felt he should never want anything again now he had Chops—if only he could have him to sleep with at night!

The short day was closing in as the boys left the park.

The lights were lighted and the streets gay with brilliant shops and crowded footways.

Chops met a canine acquaintance, and they careered wildly about, chasing each other.

"I 'spects it's a chum of his'n!" said Tim delightedly.

The two dogs were rolling together in the midst of the road.

"Yah!" shouted Jim; "he'll be runned over!"

A great two horsed wagon was coming along at a smart pace.

Jim yelled, and Chops would have got away in time, but that a passing cabman gave him a jab with his whip, which rolled him back, dazed, under the horses' feet.

Like lightning Tim dashed forward, and thrust the dog away, then fell himself, and the wheels passed over his thin little body.

From the heart of the crowd which immediately formed, Tim's senseless figure was carried out by a policeman, placed in a cab, and was driven off to the nearest hospital.

Jim slunk away by himself, and no one took any heed of the poor one-eared cur, who followed the cab, and had to be kicked from the hospital steps, or he would have gone in too.

Tim was put into a little bed in a nice warm room, and kind fingers touched him, kind faces smiled back at him when he recovered consciousness.

Every one knew he had only a few hours to live, and tried to make those last hours happy ones.

The first thing he said, looking wistfully round, was—

"Wher' is my dawg?

"I wants my dawg."

A gentleman standing by his bed asked him a few questions, but his poor little brain was confused, and he lay white and panting.

He had received frightful internal injuries, and very little could be done for him.

The doctor left him to go home to tea, but promised to look in again during the evening.

On the steps outside was a miserable white and yellow dog, who whined piteously as the young man passed.

When he returned three hours later the little patient was sinking fast, but still begging for his lost dog.

The doctor sat down by the bed, and lightly touched the yellow hair.

"I wants my dawg," moaned the boy, opening his dim eyes.

"Is he a white dog with only one ear?" said the doctor.

"That's him," cried Tim in an eager little voice.

"Couldn't I have him, please, sir?"

He looked up so pathetically that the young man could not resist breaking through all the rules, and fetching the dog up.

Besides, it could only be for such a short while now!

With a cry and a bark the two poor little vagabonds were nestling again one in the other's arms.

"Chops! poor Chops, old feller!" murmured Tim.

"What made you git me runned over, hey?

"You're a nice 'un, you are!"

The young man patted the dog's head kindly.

"He seems very fond of you," he said; "have you had him long?"

"Oh, very long!" sighed Tim dreamily.

It did seem to poor Tim ever so long ago since he met Chops in Trafalgar Square.

"He's a splendid dawg," said Tim, presently in a weary voice.

His poor little body was so very, very full of pain.

The doctor could not help smiling at such a description of poor Chops.

Tim's hand lay lovingly on the creature's head.

"Fur any one as wanted a nice tyke he'd do prime — supposin' I ain't well soon."

Tim's hand stole from Chops to the young man's coat-sleeve.

"Happen yer ain't in want of a dawg, sir?" he said anxiously.

The doctor's eyes filled at the sight of the white pleading face and wistful eyes.

He wondered how the child knew he was going to die.

He wondered at his resignation in his own fate; at the solicitude for the fate of his cur.

"I will keep him for you, my boy—until you get well."

Tim smiled, and then shook his head.

"Keep him always," he said painfully.

"He's a good dog—'cept for runnin' away—he'll cheer yer up when yer're downed—I know he made me feel jolly——"

And then the little waif wandered off into a land of dreams, from which he never returned again to this hard world.

His hold on Chops gradually relaxed, and before morning he was dead.

But Chops made his fortune, for the doctor took him home, and he became in time quite a respectable, well-conducted dog, and he was so affectionate and so faithful that his new master grew to like him for his own sake, as well as for the memory of little Tim.

AT a barber shop in Gloucester, Mass., while a female barber was shaving a customer the lightning knocked the razor out of her hand and cut a piece off his ear. Female barbers are too attractive.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880.

I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encomiums, and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness, I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never before done with any other patent medicine.

J. J. BABCOCK, M. D.

HER MISTAKE.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"THEY are coming, Viney!"

Miss Nancy tucked her ball of blue yarn into her apron-pocket, and, shading her eyes with her hand, looked down the lane, where tall mulberry-trees threw their long shadows on the velvety grass.

"Coming, Miss Nancy!" echoed a sweet voice.

And pretty Viney Mavis hastily shoved a gooseberry pie into the oven, and came out on the back porch, with its drapery of pink and violet-cupped morning-glory vines.

She, too, gazed eagerly down the long lane, and soon the sapphire-blue eyes sparkled and the pink-tinted cheeks broke into dimpling smiles.

"It's them!" she cried.

"I could tell old Dapple's jog-trot a mile away."

It was an extraordinary occasion, as Farmer Mavis was going to the station, twelve miles distant, to bring home his only daughter, Octavia; from boarding-school.

"Don't you bother yourself about the breakfast, Viney," said the farmer, good-naturedly, as he lighted his pipe at the kitchen-fire.

"I kin eat a snack, and hev breakfast when I git home."

But Viney would not hear it, and with her own hands she fried her uncle's favorite cakes, poured out his coffee, and set a glass of fresh, sweet milk at his plate.

"Dinner will all be ready when you get back, uncle, so bring a good appetite," she said, kissing him good-bye.

It was a happy family that dwelt at the old brown farmhouse.

Farmer Mavis was good nature personified, and Miss Nancy, the housekeeper, was a sweet-tempered old maid.

Not so very old, either, for the youthful crinkles still lurked in her soft brown hair, and her cheeks were as rosy as a winter apple just touched by the frost.

She was a distant connection of Farmer Mavis, and she had kept house for him ever since the death of his wife, some six years ago.

Viney was his niece, and was as dear to him as an own daughter.

Great were the preparations which were made for Octavia's home-coming.

In the meantime, Octavia was on the train, speeding along at the rate of a mile a minute.

She was a sharp-featured, thin-lipped girl, with light hair, and face as freckled as a turkey's egg.

"I am going home to keep house for my pa," she had said affectionately to her girl friends.

"To be sure he has a sort of relative keeping house now—an old maid—but I shall soon set her adrift.

"I detest old maids!"

In due time Octavia reached home.

She bestowed a cold kiss on Miss Nancy and touched Viney's finger-tips frigidly.

"Mercy on us!" she cried, in a thin, high voice, as she entered the house.

"Dinner at this hour?

"How horrid!

"What does make pa keep such old-fashioned hours?"

"We had it earlier than usual on your account, Octavia," ventured Viney.

"We thought you might need something."

"Need something, indeed!" she sniffed, with a sneer on her lips.

"Do you s'pose I've been starved where I came from?

"Besides, I had lunch on the way.

"I'm going up to my room to take a nap now," she added.

"It will be soon enough for dinner after that."

"Wal, of that don't beat all!" grumbled Farmer Mavis, his honest blue eyes expanding with surprise.

"El Octavy thinks we are goin' to wait for her to nap it afore we eat dinner she kin think so, that's all! Fetch along the coffee, Viney."

* * * * * * *

"I shall take the head of the table myself, Miss Nancy," declared Octavia, as she came down to breakfast in a pink morning-gown, not at all suitable to her light complexion and red hair.

"My pa can't afford to keep a hired housekeeper now I'm at home, so you had best look out for another situation."

Great was the surprise of Farmer Mavis, when Octavia informed him that Miss Nancy was going away.

"Going away!" he repeated, staring half stupidly at his daughter.

"That's what I said, ain't it?" snapped the latter tartly.

"Going away.

"She knows you don't need two housekeepers."

So there was no help for it, and Farmer Mavis harnessed up the horse, and helped Miss Nancy into the spring cart himself.

"That's the last of her, thank goodness!" muttered Octavia to herself when old Dapple had trotted out of sight.

"And I'd give Viney her walking-papers too, if it wasn't that I really need somebody to do the kitchen work.

"But I will soon teach her to know her place.

"She is no better than a servant-girl, if she is pa's niece.

"And when Archie Grey comes to pay the visit he promised I shall keep her out of his sight, or of course she'd be a-setting her cap for him."

The sun had slipped quite out of sight in the crimson west, and night hawks and bats were flitting about in search of their prey, when the sound of wheels was heard in the lane, and old Dapple came trotting into sight as briskly as if he had been in the pasture all day, instead of traveling four miles to and from the station.

"Pa's come," announced Octavia, sailing out to the back porch, where Viney sat, with drooping head and aching heart, sighing over the happy days that were gone for ever.

"And—good gracious! he's brought Miss Nancy back again!" she cried snappishly, as two figures came up the walk in the purple gloaming.

"Oh, no, Octavy, I hain't brought Miss Nancy back!" returned her father good-naturedly.

"This here's my wife, Mrs. Jeremiah Mavis.

"I hadn't no use for two housekeepers, you know," he added, with a sly twinkling in his eyes, "so I concluded to keep Nancy."

Octavia tossed her head, and flounced off to her own room.

"I won't stand it!" she declared to herself.

"I'll marry Archie Grey, and snap my fingers at pa and all the rest of them."

She went sulkily down to breakfast the next morning, without deigning a glance at her step-mother, who sat at the head of the table, pouring out coffee.

Her father seemed in high spirit.

"Wal, Octavy, if you can't be the housekeeper, you kin soon hev Viney's place, I reckon;" he remarked, with twinkling eyes.

"One weddin' makes many, they say; an' she's a-going' to be married afore long."

"Married!"

Octavia was thunderstruck.

"Yes," continued Farmer Mavis, while Viney blushed like a briar-rose.

"Archie Grey has been a-comin' to see her off an' on fur a good spell now; an' yesterday we met him high the parsonage, an' he asked me plump out for Viney.

"So I said I reckoned I could spare her, seein' you was home now, to take her place."

Viney made a pretty, dimpled, blushing little bride, but Octavia is an old maid still.

GENIUS AND FAT.—Fat is considered by some an indication of laziness.

Physically, this is to a certain extent true, but not mentally.

Some of the greatest men the world ever saw were plump even to obesity.

Napoleon was decidedly *en bon point*.

Some one says that men of genius had a parchment look formerly, because long underpaid, they were consequently underfed.

The type is now, however, as extinct as the dodo or megatherium.

There are no literati now, who, like Sandery, flavor their crust with a piece of bacon stolen from a mousetrap.

Dr. Johnson was fleshy, even to clumsiness.

So was his biographical shadow, Boswell.

William Wirt, the great orator of the early part of the century, and attorney in the Burr trial, laced with corsets so that he was frequently carried from the court-room.

Balzac, the French novelist, was so fat that it was a day's exercise to walk around him; and he was encircled with bandages, as if he were a hogshead.

Rossini, the musical composer, was a regular Jumbo, since for six years he never saw his knees.

The small boys called him a hippopotamus in pantaloons.

Jules Janin, the prince of critics, broke every sofa he sat down upon; his chin and cheeks protruded, beyond his beard and whiskers.

Lablanche was charged three fares when he traveled.

Dumas, the elder, was stout.

St. Beuve was cursed with the stomach of a Falstaff.

Eugene Sue, the author of the "Wandering Jew," as well as Lord Byron, so dreaded becoming fat that he indulged in vinegar and lemon.

It is generally considered, when speaking of people remarkable for flesh, that Daniel Lambert leads the list.

He was born in 1770.

In June, 1700, he weighed, and tipped the beam at 737 pounds.

His measure round the waist was three yards four inches, and he was one yard four inches round the leg.

He died on June 20, 1809, and his coffin was six feet four inches long, four feet four inches wide, two feet four inches deep, and required one hundred superficial feet of plank to meet it.

It was built on two axletrees and four wheels.

Twenty men worked half an hour to get this monster into the grave, and at last slid the coffin down an inclined plane.

A LADY in Toronto laughed at an amusing incident until she couldn't stop. Finally a doctor was called in and succeeded in quieting her. Although previously in good health, she is now considered in a critical condition.

Our Western people are liable to be laid low, by malarial fever, when breaking up new lands. The folks in the East are also complaining of fevers, colds and agues, arising from decaying vegetable matter and imperfect drainage. For either East or West the best remedy is Ayer's Ague Cure.

RILL, RIVER AND OCEAN.

BY J. WIRT KAIL.

Oh, the tiny tippling rill,
Coursing down yon distant hill,
Flashing up in silvery spray,
Onward, onward every day.
Silently you form a brook,
Winning sigeams from every nook,
Glittering in the golden light,
Peace you have, yet long for might.

Not contented with your sway,
Still more turbulent each day.
Up you foam and roll and surge
With a mournful, tuneless dirge.
As a maddened steed you quiver,
Dashing onward to the river,
Where in sinking out of sight,
Freedom's lost with gain of might.

Now you'll surely be content,
Since your fury's greatly spent,
Now you've gained the river's motion,
Onward, onward to the ocean.
Ever dark and restless river,
Plunge ye here and there and shiver,
Wearing rocks to grains of sand,
Seeking room to grow, expand.

Onward, onward, oh, dark river,
Like an arrow from the quiver,
Like the north-wind shrieking, sighing,
From the mountains distant flying;
Like the wild steed madly prancing,
To the end you're wildly dancing,
Pausing not till in the breast
Of the ocean you have rest.

Thus the peaceful rill grew mad,
And the shining brook grew mad
For the river's ceaseless motion,
Longed and pined to reach the ocean.
Now at last they've reached the sea,
They who once were light and free,
Now are slaves to power and fame,
Nothing left them save a name.

A DAINTY DISH.

OF all the creatures which in divers countries are accounted good for food, few are to my mind so uninviting as the whole family of octopus and cuttle-fish, whose members are so widely scattered throughout the world.

In various parts of the Pacific I found that these horrid-looking creatures were a favorite article of diet, but chiefly in the Sandwich Isles and in Japan, where multitudes are sold in the markets—octopuses and cuttle-fish, large and small, old and young, living or dead—and find a ready sale. The large ones are cut up in sections, all ready for a dish, smaller ones are kept alive in water, and twine their long, slender arms, as it vainly feeling for the sea-weeds and rocks where they were wont to feed. Neat little cuttle-fish are sold by the dozen, all ready for a dish. Some are dried whole, for inland carriage, and others are salted and sold as squid.

On the shores of the Mediterranean, dainty little octopuses are served as a garnish for larger fish, their long arms when delicately fried being somewhat suggestive of macaroni. Larger ones are chopped up and eaten with tomato sauce, and when thus disguised are not unpalatable.

A preliminary visit to the fish-market would, however, suffice to deter most folk from venturing deliberately to make a meal of one of the hideous creatures which they may there behold floating in large tubs; in some are delicate-looking cuttle-fish, like transparent jelly; in others, the more repulsive octopus, with protruding eyes, apparently watching for the approach of the customer whose order seals their fate.

When a purchaser has selected the octopus he most fancies, the owner adroitly seizes it by the back of the neck, and although its arms twist and writhe around his hands, he contrives to give it a twist, which instantly disables, and generally kills it. Then it lies, a hideous, inert, and gelatinous mass, scarcely to be recognized as the same amazingly attractive creature which, but a moment before, was outstretching its long arms in every direction, reaching over the sides of the tub and displaying the rows of suckers which give such terrible tenacity to its grip. When the creature is at rest, it coils these terrible arms at its sides.

In breathing it spouts like a whale in miniature, spurting water from a pair of blow-pipes. It has a strong beak like a parrot, with which it crunches up crabs and other crustacea. Its partiality for these is so well known that the fishers of the Mediterranean often bait their lines with crabs and drop them overboard, knowing soon that some unwary octopus will seize the prey, and hold it so securely that it will suffer itself to be drawn into the boat rather than relax its grasp.

When thus seen, moving at large in the clear water, it is not an ungraceful creature. It carries its arms curled up about its ugly body, only shooting them out as it passes any object which invites inspection, such as a rock, in whose crevices may lie hidden dainties. Then with the tips of these feelers it rapidly explores the possible storehouse, and if nothing is forthcoming, the long arms are once more coiled up into the smallest possible compass, ready in the twinkling of an eye to be thrown around any desirable prey.

Well may the fishers dread an encounter with a full-grown representative of this horrid family, and terrible are the tales which some can tell, for the truth of which they are ready to vouch—tales wellnigh as sensational as the wildest fancies of writers of romance. Even the gigantic devil-fish described by Jules Verne, as attacking the famous submarine yacht, and that equally terrible monster of which Victor Hugo writes so thrillingly in "The Toilers of the Sea," are now proved to be no mere creation of a fertile imagination, but actual living monsters, which may at any moment enfold the unwary fisher in their awful clasp.

The largest specimens of cuttle-fish that have as yet been seen, and verified by naturalists, have recently been found in Cook's Straits, and are described in the "Transactions of the New Zealand Institute." The hideous sack-like body was seven feet in length, and nine in circumference, its head all but two feet in length, and its internal shell measured six feet three inches.

—G. C.

Grains of Gold.

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.

Nothing helps the memory so much as order and classes.

Virtue is a rough way, but proves at night a bed of down.

Make your enemies transient, and your friendships immortal.

Humility is the most excellent natural cure for anger in the world.

Good is never more effectually performed than when it is produced by slow degrees.

There is no greater delight than to be conscious of sincerity on self-examination.

Thou wilt be great only in proportion as thou art gentle and courageous to subdue passions.

Look well into thyself; there is a source which will always spring up if thou will always search there.

Those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good, have little time for murmuring or complaint.

Virtue, in itself so beautiful, appears to us in her own colors so long as we have no intent to tarnish her image.

One of the mistakes in the conduct of human life is to suppose that other men's opinions are to make us happy.

Never contradict, whisper, hum, beat a tattoo with the fingers on the furniture, or loll round in lounging attitudes in company.

A fundamental condition of happiness in this world is activity, and that kind of activity which carries with it all the faculties.

The greatest happiness in this life is to be thoroughly resigned to Providence, a resignation which constitutes the true repose of life.

Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing.

Pride, like the magnet, constantly points to the one object—self; but, unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.

Envy, like cold poison, benumbs and stupefies, and thus, as if conscious of its own impotence, it folds its arms in despair, and sits cursing in a corner.

It is the cheery worker who succeeds. No one can do his best, or even do well, in the midst of worry. Therefore, if you work, work as cheerfully as you can.

Whenever we find a man or woman of capacity, enthusiasm, and energetic industry, there we find a valuable character, and may expect valuable results.

Holy intention is to the actions of a man what the soul is to the body, or form to its matter, or the root to the tree, or the sun to the world, or the base to a pillar.

Breaches of mere etiquette and a want of common tact make thousands of men's lives unhappy who, by attending to these details, would live pleasantly and make lots of friends.

Faith is the source of everything in the eyes of man which bears a character of dignity and force. Vulgar souls wish to see, to touch, to grasp; others have the eye of faith and are great.

The world does not contain a brier or a thorn that divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility which we can overcome by industry than we could be with the most spontaneous and unclouded profusion.

The faithful discharge of the duty of almsgiving is one of the fruits of the Holy Spirit which brings its sweet return in cleansing the soul from the evil spirits of avarice, sloth and worldliness, and replacing them with liberality, generosity and unselfishness.

Femininities.

Even the quietest woman can make a bustle when she takes a notion to.

Some fashionable ladies have maids who can spell to do their letter-writing.

She lives in Boston, and when she has to talk about a he chicken she calls him a crower.

A Bloomington girl walks about the streets with a pet coon. It is no worse than a poodle dog.

A German woman in Baltimore whipped her son so hard that she dislocated her right arm at the wrist.

Paris has over 700 professional models, of every age, from girls of six to men and women of sixty-eight.

The wife of Rev. Mr. Vetter, of Oberlin, O., 65 years old, committed suicide by holding her face under water.

A Milwaukee man wadded up a copy of the Chicago Times into a ball, and jammed it into his wife's mouth.

But forty Boston women have thus far paid a poll tax—an indispensable perquisite to voting for school directors.

A Bucks county girl, only 13 years of age, did all the reaping and binding on three farms last year, and this also.

An Indiana "feller" bought a glass of soda water for his girl, and when she asked him to taste how nice it was, drank half of it.

A Pittsburgh female physician says: "Woman can understand woman." All we've got to say is, if she can she's mighty smart.

A St. Louis woman has just re-married the man from whom she was divorced six years ago. Both found a peaceful life too monotonous.

The Spaniards must be a cynical people or they'd never have such a proverb as: "A woman's tears cost her little, but bring her much."

Some Atlanta boys have pledged themselves to ice-cream no girl who bangs her hair. The Atlanta girls should retaliate on the cigarette young men.

A Lebanon county man took his girl to a tree, to show her a hornet's nest, and banged it with his cane. The girl has another beau and bunged eyes.

For every male teacher in the common schools of New York City, there are fourteen female teachers. About 200 men to 2,800 women—that is the proportion.

A smart young woman of San Francisco follows the trade of an itinerant jeweler, going from house to house in search of jewelry, clocks, etc., that need repairing.

When a man's wife comes in and, seeing him, razor in hand, asks him, "Are you shaving?" it's a provoking thing in him to answer, "No, I'm blacking the stove."

Some boys were plaguing a San Francisco woman, when she caught one of them, took him into her house, stripped off his clothes, and sent him into the street in his shirt.

An Ohio girl, whose hair is thin, wanted her lover, who has long hair, to get it cut, and give her the clippings, so as she could make some "rats" for herself, and he wouldn't do it.

"What Ails This Heart of Mine?" is the name of a new song that is said to be very popular. A young friend suggests that the writer of the song probably saw his girl out riding with another fellow.

"Violet, dearest, do you play that tune often?" asked Hugh Montrossor of his affianced. "Yes, pet, and when we are married I'll play it all the time." Then Hugh went out, and shuddered himself to death.

Fogg finds one good reason why women shouldn't be paid equal wages with men. The women, he says, don't have so many expenses as the men. They don't have to lay out so much on rum and tobacco, for instance.

A crazy woman in Louisville, Ky., boarded a street car the other day, drove out all the passengers, and insisted that it was her special car. A policeman finally persuaded her to arrest him, and lead him to the station house, where she was locked up.

Catharine and Esther Burke, aged five and six years, respectively, traveled alone from Liverpool, England, to Cincinnati, Ohio, the address of their father being written on a card, which was attached to a small satchel carried by the elder of the girls.

Mary Richardson, an Illinois girl, nearly died recently from the effects of a bee-sting on her jugular vein. The flesh swelled up on the inside of her throat so that she nearly choked to death. For over four hours she was unconscious and in terrible spasms.

An old woman took a seat in a Grand Rapids church, at the time of the usual evening services, and went to sleep. About midnight she awoke, locked in and alone. Her cries made frightful echoes, and she was nearly dead with terror when released.

The latest freak at the French seaside resorts is an appropriate bathing toilet for each day in the week. At Dieppe the ultra-fashionables don the "Huntress" costume on Monday, the day sacred to Diana; on Tuesday, Mars' day, they appear in semi-military garb, and so on.

An advertisement in a Lyons, France, paper says a young lady 21 years of age, and a member of an honorable family, offers her love in marriage to a man who will come to the aid of her parents. Age or looks are of no account, but he must have a good establishment.

This employing college students for table-waiters at summer hotels makes trouble. You see girls have very little discrimination at times, and when a young lady is introduced to a youth whose father may be worth $1,000,000, and she learns that he is a collegian, and asks: "Oh, were you waiting on table at the Cliff House last summer?" it makes an embarrassing situation.

News Notes.

Missouri's coal fields cover 28,700 square miles.

The American hen lays 9,000,000,000 eggs a year.

Wild mint is said to keep rats and mice at a distance.

Many "imported" cigars come from Lancaster, Pa.

There are 1,028 daily newspapers in the United States.

Women visitors to the Yosemite have to ride as men do.

A Western man talks of starting a daily religious paper.

The camelia has ceased to be a favorite flower in Paris.

London seamstresses get three pence for making boys' suits.

Mary O'Donnell, of Chicago, is 75, and thinks she is only 15.

New Hampshire records one divorce for every ten marriages.

Frogs have become an important shipment from Kalamazoo.

Coal oil in abundant quantity has been discovered in Colorado.

The Indiana College of Dunkards has lost a professor by elopement.

A Reno, Nev., man while kissing his girl, swallowed her false teeth.

A pet turtle at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, catches rats and eats them.

A Columbia, Pa., kitten has seven perfect claws on each fore foot.

Hay fever is increasing in this country, according to the Medical News.

The Buffalo public schools have used the same text books for twenty years.

British Columbia contains 12,000 Chinese and receives 100 more every month.

A Havre bric-a-brac shop has out a sign which reads: "Modern Antiquities."

There is a dog at North Chatham, N. Y., whose owner says he climbs trees for game.

The United Presbyterians have repealed the law against the use of instrumental music.

It is estimated that there are three thousand Chinese in New York, and only one Chinese woman.

Two sons of a Connecticut lightning-rod agent were recently killed by lightning in Nebraska.

James Williams, of Anderson, S. C., is not yet twenty-one years of age, but he is in jail for bigamy.

A California man proposed marriage to every woman he met, and they finally put him in an asylum.

A St. Louis man hid his hat to escape going to church, and his little daughter found it just in time.

San Francisco expects Bonanza Flood to build a house on Nob Hill, next year, which will cost $5,000,000.

The poultry product last year in the United States amounted in value to something over $500,000,000.

On a vacant lot back of Covington, Ky., is posted the sign: "No place base Ball on these Premises."

Chicago has had a summer school in Hebrew. Ninety persons, chiefly ministers, were in attendance.

Mr. Burt, of Hartford, Ct., having been mildly struck by lightning, says it felt like a blow in the back.

Spools are made exclusively of white birch in machines that turn into shape from 1,000 to 1,200 an hour.

A Georgia negro boy has ble eyes. In Harrisburg, in this State, there is a negro who has the Irish brogue.

A London vinegar vat will hold 58,000 gallons. Its owner gave a dinner to 100 men inside of it the other day.

The convicts working in chain gangs in the Alabama coal mines die at the fearful rate of 47 per 1,000 in a month.

Two child burglars in Williamsburg ransacked a house and buried their plunder. The younger is only eight years old.

A mimic and ventriloquist terrorized an Omaha prison, in which he was confined, by raising ghostly voices at night.

The Catholic clergy at Montreal forbid Catholic medical students from attending a school not under Catholic control.

Fat people should all hie to China. In that country corpulence is the symbol alike of social and spiritual distinction.

Handsome steel engravings of Andrew Jackson, to be sold at four cents each—on postage stamps—are being prepared.

A good man in New York, deeply impressed by the figure of "the cold grave," erected a stove as a monument to his wife.

The printing house for the blind, just built at Louisville, is the first building ever erected in the world for that sole purpose.

A sot crawled into a mill at Lawrence, Mass., and went to sleep on a very wide belt. When the machinery started he was killed.

ESCAPE ALL DANGER from attacks of Diarrhœa, Dysentery, or Cholera Morbus, by using Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam—an old remedy to be sure—but as safe and certain as ever.

Her Messenger.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

IT was the sweetest little thing you ever saw—a wee carrier-pigeon, with pure white breast, its wings a soft pearl grey, and its arching neck gleaming with iridescent hues.

A boy had brought it over from Elmwood that morning in a dainty willow basket, lined with pink cotton-wool, and its handle adorned with bows of pink ribbon.

"From Ned, of course!" cried aunt Judith, as I entered the breakfast-room. "I don't believe earth ever produced so gallant a lover!" she continued, in her teasing way. "I believe he sends you a present every day.

"Yesterday it was a beautiful bouquet of flowers, the day before a box of bon-bons, and the day before that—well, let me see—he came himself!

"And what have you now, pray—a turtle-dove?"

"No; a carrier-pigeon, and Ned says it is a trained one, too," I replied, referring to the letter—a dainty billet which had accompanied the gift.

"Aha!

"Now we shall have tender missives flying over our heads, I presume!

"Away with prosaic postage-stamps, and all that!"

"I wish Ned had sent her a big bull-dog instead of the bird," said papa, as he helped himself to the toast.

"Why, papa!" I gasped. "How unpoetical!"

"Very useful, my dear. Especially just now when there are so many burglars about."

"I hear Mr. Sayre's house has been robbed, and Golden's jewelry store, too," said aunt Judith.

"Goodness me, I hope they won't come here!

"We're in such a lonely out-of-the-way place, too!

"Thomas," turning to my father, "don't you think that you had better take the spare silver and the family diamonds to a more secure place?"

"I've been thinking about that very thing," said papa.

"We shan't need them till Meg here," turning to me with a smile, "becomes Mrs. Edward Carroll. So I might as well take them down to the bank and lock them up in the safe."

"But what if they break into the bank?" I asked.

Papa laughed derisively.

He was always boasting of the safety of the bank.

"They couldn't open the safe unless the cashier and I were both there.

"It's one of the best combination-locks made.

"I'm positive that anything put in that safe is perfectly secure."

Poor papa!

How little he thought——

But there, that's just like me—always getting ahead of my story!

Ned didn't spend that evening with me, and so I went to bed quite early.

I soon fell asleep, but somehow I didn't rest very well, and was glad when I awoke for I was dreaming that Ned and I had an awful quarrel.

But the sick, wretched feeling didn't pass away with my awakening.

I had a smothered, suffocated feeling that made me actually gasp for breath.

Thinking that the bed clothes were lying across my face, I reached up my hand to draw them away, and found there, instead, a handkerchief saturated with a subtle, overpowering scent.

Chloroform!

Yes, that was it.

But what did it mean?

Shivering with a nameless terror, but with my senses all aroused, I sprang from the bed and went to the door.

It was slightly ajar, and through the opening a light shone faintly.

I crept slowly out into the hall, and, leaning over the railing, looked down.

Oh, Heaven! what did I see?

Four strong men, wearing black masks, and armed with revolvers, dragging along my dear old father!

"You villains! What is the use of this?" I heard poor, dear papa say. "I shall never, never do it."

"You won't see the sun rise again, then," said one of the men with an oath.

"I'd rather die!" was papa's reply.

"That's game, boss," said another rough voice. "But wait till we get there. We've got the cashier in our clutches, and when he caves in, you will, too."

Papa's struggles were of no avail, and gagged and bound, he was carried out of the house, and soon I heard wheels rolling away.

Oh, if there were only some way whereby I might save my father from death or infamy!

Footsteps were heard coming up the stairs.

I held my breath in suspense.

Would the ruffians try the door, and, finding it locked, force it open?

No, they passed on.

Just then a little rustle in one corner of my room made my heart beat with renewed terror; but relief came instantly, when I perceived that the noise was made by my little pet—the carrier-pigeon.

I knelt down beside its cage, sobbing softly.

"Oh, you poor little thing!" I whispered.

"Helpless and tiny as you are, you are safer than I am."

Suddenly, like a divine revelation, there came the thought—

Could not Bijou, the pigeon, carry a message to Ned?

Ned had said that the little creature could do such a thing.

Why not try him?

With trembling fingers, I seized pencil and paper, and wrote the following words—

"Ned! Ned! for Heaven's sake, go to the bank.

"Take plenty of men with you. Burglars have carried papa there to compel him to open the safe.

"Hurry!

"Yours,

"MEG.

"P. S.—I send this by Bijou."

This I put in an envelope, and tied the latter around the bird's neck.

The little creature did not seem the least bit frightened, but looked intelligently at me with its bright gentle eyes.

As quietly as possible, I opened the window and set the bird on the sill.

For a minute it stood there, turning its pretty head irresolutely; then spreading its wings, it slowly rose and soared away—oh, Heaven be thanked!—in the direction of Elmwood.

Just then there was a violent racket at the door—a succession of kicks, which soon splintered the panels.

An instant later, as I stood there paralyzed by terror, the two burglars burst into the room.

"Curse it!" cried one, "that chloroform didn't fix her, after all."

"Bind and gag her, like we did the old lady; then I'll bet she'll be safe," said the other.

Their rough hands seized me, and I knew no more.

* * * * * *

When my senses came to me, I found myself lying on the couch in the sitting-room downstairs.

It was bright daylight, and the soft, summer wind, laden with the breath of flowers, was stealing in at the open window.

Ned's face—kind, loving, anxious—was bending over me.

Then I heard dear old Dr. Rodgers' kindly voice say—

"Drink this, little girl, and you'll feel better."

And he pressed a tumbler to my lips.

"Where is papa?" I faintly murmured.

"Your father's all right, darling," said Ned.

"And did Bijou come to you?

"Oh, I prayed that the bird would carry the note!

"Did you get it?"

"Yes, love.

"But never mind it now.

"I'll tell you all about it when you get stronger.

"Tell her now, Carroll.

"She is all right.

"It will do her good to tell her all about it," said the doctor, patting my cheek; and he continued—

"I'll leave you two together, while I go and see to Miss Judith.

"Oh, you needn't be frightened!" seeing my anxious look.

"There isn't anything the matter with your aunt.

"Only she's been pretty badly scared—that's all!"

"Well, you see, little Meg," Ned began, when we were alone, "I happened to sit up rather late last night.

"I had been away all day, and when I returned home after-time, I found some law business awaiting my immediate attention.

"As I sat writing in my room—it was after midnight, I think—suddenly I heard a tapping at the window-pane.

"At first I paid no heed to it, thinking it to be only the wind blowing a twig or bit of vine, but as the sound continued, I arose and went to look.

"I beheld something white fluttering against the glass.

"What was my surprise to find that it was little Bijou!

"I opened the window and hurriedly read the letter he brought.

"It wasn't long before my father, uncle Henry, the three men-servants and a couple of policemen and myself were hurrying down to the bank.

"We reached there just in time, too; had a grand scuffle, in which we came out victorious, I'm glad to say, and—well, the result is that four of the burglars are in jail, and the other two, whom we found here, have gone to render up their final account.

"The safe is unharmed, and none of us are injured, except a few scratches and bruises."

I will end my story by saying that Ned and I have been married two years now.

We are keeping house in a cosy, comfortable way, and most important of all our articles is a cradle; but, after all, I don't know which is the greatest pet—Baby, or my little feathered postman, Bijou.

Humbugged Again.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife who was always doctoring, and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some, I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months' use of the Bitters, my wife was cured and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging.—H. T., St. Paul.—*Pioneer Press.*

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One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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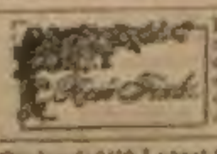

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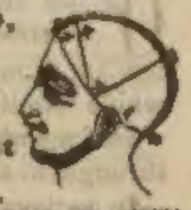

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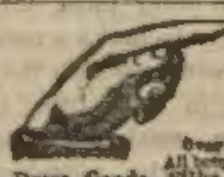

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"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Mason, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

H. A. A.

Conyers, Ga., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

W. J. L.

Manteno, Ill., July 22, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

N. C. H.

Echo, Tenn., July 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

S. A. B.

Pleasant Grove, Utah, July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

O.P. D.

New Castle, Ala., July 24, '83.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

Y. E. M.

Middleway, W. Va., July 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

A. C. H.

Kingsclear, Canada, July 20, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

G. A. H.

Morning Sun, O, July 19, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

J. A. K.

Ford River, Mich., July 22, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

S. G. D.

Anna, Ill., July 19, 83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

M. E.

Elizabeth, N. J., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M.J.M. F.

Saybrook, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

E. E. C.

Cambellsport, Wis., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

L. H.

Williamston, N. C., July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

L. L. P.

Lewisburg, Neb., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

H. H. J.

West Lafayette, O., July 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

E. S. B.

Stevenson, Ala., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. G. C.

A SUMMER IDYL.

See the frog, the slimy, green frog,
Dozing away on that old rotten log:
Seriously wondering
What caused the sundering
Of the tail that he wore when a wee pollywog.

See the boy, the freckle-faced schoolboy,
Famed for cussedness, free from alloy;
Watching the frog
Perched on the log,
With feelings akin to tumultuous joy.

See the rock, the hard, flinty rock,
Which the freckle-faced boy at the frog doth sock;
Conscious he singing,
Yet gleefully grinning
At the likely result of its terrific shock.

See the grass, the treacherous grass,
Slip from beneath his feet! Alas,
Into the mud
With a dull thud
He falls and rises a slimy mass.

Now see the frog, the hilarious frog,
Dancing a jig on the old rotten log:
Applying his toes
To his broad, blunt nose,
As he laughs at the boy stuck fast in the bog.

* * * * * * * * *

Look at the switch, the hickory switch,
Waiting to make that schoolboy twitch.
When his mother knows
The state of his clothes
Won't he raise his voice to the highest pitch.

—S. T. OLEN.

Humorous.

A garden "waul"—A cat on the fence.

Never look a gift horse in the mouth, especially if it be the Colt Revolver.

Why is a good square meal to a hungry man like a bucket? It goes down well.

Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator is a cure for Heart Disease in all its forms. Price, $1; 6 for $5, by druggists.

Give it a trial. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator will cure Heart Disease. Price, $1; 6 for $5, by druggists.

The general understanding is that a patient is not out of danger until the doctor has been discharged.

An Irishman looking at a thermometer remarks that it is strange so small a thing could feel the heat so much.

"A fair court record," remarked a coquette, as she wrote the name of her sixteenth rejected lover in her diary.

A property-owner being ordered to lay a sidewalk in front of his lot, patriotically exclaimed: "I go in for the old flag."

A baby down town cries so incessantly, and withal so lustily, that the neighbors think it must be sick when it stops.

A city clerk has just proved that Paris green on certain kinds of pie is entirely harmless. It is the pie which is generally fatal.

The Chinaman's lot in the United States is a sad one. If a Mexican man doesn't murder him, some Mexican woman marries him.

A disappointed young man says he wishes he was a rumor, because a rumor soon gains currency, which he has never been able to do.

In the far west a man advertises for a woman "to wash, iron and milk one or two cows." What does he want his cows washed and ironed for?

A sign in one of our stores reads, "Bathing Suits." Sometimes it does, and sometimes it doesn't. Shopkeepers should beware of generalities."

A Western editor, in acknowledging the gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber, says: "It is such kindnesses as these which bring tears to our eyes."

A Wisconsin man was killed by a cyclone because he wouldn't go down in the cellar, but insisted on staying above ground to enjoy seeing his neighbor's new barn blown to flinders.

One of the boys tells of a scarecrow made by Uncle Ben. It not only scared off every crow that saw it, but one crow was so frightened that he brought back the corn he had stolen two days before.

Mrs. Homespun, who has a terrible time every morning to get her young brood out of their beds, says she cannot understand why children are called the rising generation.

An orator at a meeting held for the purpose of raising money to endow an asylum for the blind, pathetically exclaimed: "If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Superfluous Hair

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 98 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

Now READY—The **Phonographic Dictionary**, By Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard. Price, $2.50. Send for specimen sheets. Sold by all booksellers, or address Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
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Agents Make money selling our family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

Agents Wanted for the best and fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Phila., Pa.

50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on 10c. 13 pk. $1. Prizes given. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum Ct.

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IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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PENN MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO. of PHILA.
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BLUE DEVIL
DISEASE
Use the Only Homeopathic Remedy
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Thirty Powders, TEN DAYS TREATMENT. PRICE, - $1.00.

Your POWDERS give early relief and, in my case, a permanent cure. MAJOR JOS. ANTHONY, Gen'l Sup't Lykens Valley Coal Co., Harrisburg, Pa.

I have used your DYSPEPSIA POWDERS with marvelous success, and rejoice in the knowledge that the most horrible of all diseases can be cured. You are at liberty to refer to me. Yours respectfully, JAS. S. STACKHOUSE, Ticket Receiver P. R. R. Co., Broad St. Station, Philada.

Mailed to any Address on Receipt of Price.

DYSPEPSIA

The trouble is no longer the want of sleep, but the want of time to sleep, and no more confused, but pleasant, dreams. A. H. STONER, Harrisburg, Pa.

Your POWDERS have cured me, after trying many other remedies. ROBERT D. MILLER, Harrisburg, Pa.

RETAIL DRUGGISTS SUPPLIED BY JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO. 602 Arch St., Philadelphia.

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The Yokohama Tea Store, O'Neill Bros. & Co. Port Huron, Michigan.
Dear Sir:—Could get no relief from physicians or Pepsin. The action of your POWDERS is something wonderful. Yours truly, P. J. O'NEILL.

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Orders by mail. Address, FRANK E. ENGELMAN, 1839 Seybert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THIS OFFER IS GOOD TILL NOV. 15TH, ONLY.

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THE GRANDEST OFFER EVER MADE BY ANY PUBLISHERS.
A HOUSE AND LOT OR $5000 GOVERNMENT BOND FREE.

In order to increase our already large list of yearly subscribers to 100,000 more before the 15th of November, we make the following liberal and magnificent offer to every reader of this advertisement who will act to take advantage of it at once.

FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR we will enter your name on our subscription books and forward you for One Year postage paid our old-established and well-known publication, THE HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, together with a numbered receipt, which entitles the holder to one of the following MAGNIFICENT AND COSTLY PRESENTS to be given away to our subscribers Nov. 15, 1883. Read the list, then send in your subscription and get your friends to join you; in this way you can get your subscription free for a few hours' work.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN OUR SUBSCRIBERS

1	Brown Stone House and Lot in New York City	$15,000	
1	U. S. Government Bond	5,000	
5	U. S. " Bonds of $1000 each	5,000	
10	U. S. Greenbacks of $500 each	5,000	
20	U. S. " " $100 "	2,000	
40	U. S. " " $50 "	2,000	
2	Elegant Square Grand Pianos $500 each	1,000	
10	Beautiful 21 Stop Cabinet Organs $100 each	1,000	
1	Pair Beautiful Matched Horses	1,000	
1	Brewster Road Wagon and Pole	500	
1	Elegant Silver-plate Dinner Set, 7 pieces	200	
1	Elegant Suit Parlor Furniture	200	
5	Gents' Elegant Solid Gold Watches	500	
10	Ladies' Elegant Solid Gold Watches	500	
25	Gents' Solid Coin Silver Watches	$100	
25	Ladies' Chatelaine Watches	500	
10	Beautiful Solitaire Diamond Rings	500	
5	Elegant Silk Dress Patterns	250	
500	Beautiful Nickel Clocks, $2 each	1,000	
500	Photograph Albums, $2 each	1,000	
500	Silver Pocket Fruit Knives	500	
500	Ladies' and Gents' Pocket Knives	500	
250	Sets Silver-plated Tea Spoons	250	
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1000	Beautiful Oil Pictures	1,000	
5000	Solid Gold and Plated Rings, Lockets, Chains, Pins, Sets and Bracelets		

Also 93,577 other useful and valuable presents, ranging in value from 25 cents to $2.50 each, making a total of 100,000 valuable and useful presents, so that each and every one who subscribes will receive THE HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE for One Year and an elegant Present besides. All of the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner by a committee chosen by the subscribers at our MUSICAL FESTIVAL TO BE GIVEN NOV. 15, 1883, IN NEW YORK CITY, further particulars to be given hereafter. Subscribers who do not attend can have presents sent to any part of the United States or Canada. Printed lists of the awards will be forwarded by mail to every subscriber.

THE HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE is IN ITS SEVENTH YEAR and now has over 100,000 yearly subscribers; but this offer is made for new subscribers only, that we may swell our subscription list to over 200,000. The Magazine is one of the FAVORITE FAMILY STORY PAPERS of America. It contains thirty-six large pages, with elegant tinted cover, bound, stitched and cut. It is replete with beautiful illustrations and choice literature. No expense is spared to make this publication one of the finest in the world. It is ably edited, and contains an Illustrated Fashion Department, fashion letters and notes. It contains stories, poems, sketches, statistics, useful information, household notes, the kitchen, garden, teller, children's department, Sabbath reading, etc., etc., in fact everything that can be in done to make this publication worth more than the subscription price.

REMEMBER, WE MAKE NO CHARGE for these presents, the $1.00 is the regular subscription price of the MAGAZINE, and some one is sure to get a Grand Present worth $15,000. OUR PROFIT must come from your future patronage, and we believe you will like our publication so much that you will always take it.

GET UP A CLUB, if you will get Ten Friends to join you and send us $10.00 we will send six subscriptions and six numbered receipts. Send $10.00, with the names of ten friends or acquaintances, and we will send twelve subscriptions and twelve numbered receipts thus giving you two receipts and subscriptions FREE.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR secures the Magazine One Year and a numbered receipt that is worth from 25 cents to $15,000. Do not miss this opportunity.

$5000 IN PRIZES TO AGENTS SENDING THE LARGEST LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS. With your subscription and receipt we send our CONFIDENTIAL TERMS where we offer $5000 in Prizes to the one sending in the most subscribers before Nov. 15th (open to yearly subscribers only). We refer to any New York Publishers as to our responsibility. Money in sums of one or two dollars can be sent by ordinary letter; larger sums should be sent by registered letter or P. O. money order.

Address THE HOUSEHOLD PUBLISHING CO., 10 Barclay Ct., New York.

CUT THIS OUT, IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE ABOVE OFFER.

A $5000 HOUSE & LOT IN NEW YORK FREE. A $5000 GOVERNMENT BOND FREE.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

WE have now all the different parts of the jacket cut in pairs; to separate them lift the edge a little all round, and cut through the tacking threads at each stitch, taking care, however, not to draw them out.

By tacking together in this way, and then dividing the pieces, a perfectly correct outline is secured, and the two corresponding pieces must be exactly alike.

All parts are tacked in this way with double cotton before any threads are cut, position of plaits in front, place for pockets, if any, line for cuffs, trimmings, etc., and all down the front a series of long separate stitches marking the place for buttons and buttonholes, leaving the threads in as before, but much longer.

The next process is to tack the jackets together for trying on, and this is easily done by following the lines of the loose tacking threads.

When fitted and corrected the seams are stitched by machine, with machine thread, and then pressed.

To do this effectually, rub the cloth turnings on both sides of the seam with a piece of common yellow soap that has never been wetted, open the seam and rub this part also a little if the cloth is thick, lay the jacket on a smooth ironing board without any blanket or cloth over it, put a damp rag on the seam and iron with a hot and heavy iron, pressing very hard: the soap makes the turnings adhere to the cloth under them, and the result is a beautifully flattened seam.

Rags should be used in preference to a larger cloth, being more easy to handle; they are dipped in water, hot or cold, and wrung out before using.

The buttonholes are next worked; if there is any fear of the loose tacking threads coming out new threads must be put in their places.

The material is turned back, but need not be otherwise strengthened for the buttonholes.

These are cut straight in the usual way, and the rounded end toward the front cut two little snips slanting off, and cut out the little bit of cloth between them: shape with a stiletto, and then work the buttonhole in the usual way with twist.

On the left front put a stay of jean or canvas between the cloth and the lining, or hem, to strengthen that side for the buttons.

Press this before sewing the buttons on.

The turnings may be left if the cloth be firm and closely woven, if not they should be bound with a special diagonal binding, which can be obtained at any tailor's trimming house.

The turnings at the armhole are bound, and this seam must be pressed in the same way as the others.

Linings both for the jacket and the sleeves are cut exactly like the cloth, and made up by themselves, and the seams pressed; they are then put in place, and joined to the cloth only at the edges, and at the neck, armholes, and fronts; sleeve linings are joined to the sleeves at the armholes and wrists only.

The collars of jackets demand very careful making to look well.

The part of the collar that does not show—that is the under part in a turned down collar, and the part next the neck in an upright collar—is lined with two or three thicknesses of canvas, the number of linings depending on the amount of stiffness required.

These are tacked on with silk exactly matching the cloth in several rows of stitches, the rows less than an inch apart; the stitches are long on the canvas side, but very small and perpendicular on the cloth, and as the canvas is tacked on the collar is shaped with the fingers, or on the edge of the board, where it turns over, and is pressed with the iron: the revers, if cut with the collar, are tacked, stiffened, and shaped in the same way, and at the same time.

The top cloth is then put on and stitched or bound.

The sleeves of cloth jackets are cut tailor fashion, that is, the upper and under parts are nearly alike, the under part being a little smaller only from the shoulder to the elbow.

When the jacket is completed, it must be again pressed with the iron on all the seams and edges, the collar and lapels, cuffs, pockets, plaits of basque, etc.

The irons used in cloth work should be heavy and used very hot over damp rags. It is best, if possible, to procure tailors' irons and a tailor's board; this is small and a convenient shape, rounded at one end and rather pointed at the other, somewhat in the shape of an egg, and very smooth and polished.

Extreme neatness and exactitude are required in cloth work, and the short instructions we have given apply to all cloth apparel, mantles, habits, boy's suits, ladies' costumes, etc.

The materials used for children are ginghams and zephyrs for morning wear, white pique and muslin, Adrinople for dresses and bonnets to match, India silks, voiles, serges, tweeds and chequered materials of every kind.

Great quantities of black velvet and narrow ribbons are used; Eton collars are worn by girls as well as by boys, and are finished by a series of loops of narrow ottoman ribbon.

Little boys' dresses are being now made in an exceptionally stylish manner, there being no more simplicity in their costumes than is found in those of their sisters of about the same age, the age being that especially when no stint is given to maternal pride and luxury.

Ottomans, velvets, satins, surahs are all brought into requisition, made in a variety of pretty fanciful styles.

The following is one of the latest models for a young boy's dress; the skirt is trimmed with lace-edged flounces, and above is a very pretty little jacket, open with embroidery revers over a crossed shawl waistcoat ornamented with two rows of buttons.

The side and back pieces are left unsewn below the waist, the edges being turned back on revers and secured by handsome buttons.

A sash of rich ribbon passes under the waistcoat, but over the jacket at the sides and behind, and finishes on the left with a large bow.

A large bow is generally placed on the shoulder.

This charming model does equally well for little girls of the same age, but for them the sash ties behind.

The Louis XVI. style of dress is also very fashionable for girls, perhaps more so than the above, which is preferred for boys.

Ladies will find Louis VXI. casaques very economical for their little girls, as they are generally made of rich, somewhat stiff material, and enough really good material can be extracted from their old brocbe, velvet, satin, or ottoman dresses to make rich casaques for their little ones.

They should be combined with satin, surah, silk muslin, or even sateen of a paler shade, or matching the ground, and thus really rich little toilettes can be obtained at very moderate cost.

What remains of the satin, surah, etc., can be made up into the pretty gauged capotes now so fashionable.

A washing dress with a bouillonne skirt is generally looked upon as a tiresome, useless object by ladies' maids, because of the difficulty of ironing it well, and a lady usually has her washing dresses ironed each time she puts them on, if they are dark enough not to require frequent washings.

It is quite easy to a bouillonne if the lining can be removed, and thus it is better to form the foundation and bouillonne skirt quite separately and strong, and then they can be lightly tacked together, and a few snips of the scissors will separate them again when the bouillonnes can be ironed out on the wrong side and then tacked on the foundation, making the skirt quite fresh again.

An artistic laundress can always iron bouillonnes well, but these are only found in large towns, not in the country.

By the above method any careful lady's maid can iron the skirt well.

Gloves are still worn very long, either entering the sleeve or covering it. Black gloves are now only used with black toilettes, natural Suede or kid gloves being usually worn with white or colors during the day, these and kid gloves of very pale colors being used for evening wear. No others are worn by elegantes, the fashion of wearing black gloves with a white toilette having utterly passed away.

Fireside Chat.

FANCY WORK.

FANCY work that can be taken up and laid down at will is the pleasantest this weather, and especially while rusticating.

There are a number of pretty things that can be easily made and caught up at leisure. These little industries are artistic, and generally give a touch of beauty and marked interest to the fair performer.

Crocheting and knitting lace are rather fascinating occupations; they charmingly fill up the quiet hours, crowning with satisfaction leisure time passed in delightful little chats, when opinions are freely yet innocently given respecting such and such a one, and the gossip goes on briskly and merrily and the work never flags. The lace grows and is wound in a ball all ready for use, brought into existence by jeweled fingers amid scenes of rural splendors and costly living.

Surely if surroundings can influence an occupation these summer rusticating industries should be quite near perfection. However, this as it may, ladies will find the clover leaf edging extremely pretty and easily made.

This style of lace is very suitable for trimming garments disposed in thin materials. Be sure to purchase linen thread for knitting any kind of lace; the expense is a trifle more than the cost of cotton, while the wear is tenfold more durable.

In setting up clover leaf edging the width suitable for adorning muslin garments will require the casting on of ten stitches. The first row is knit plain.

The second time across knit two stitches, then put the thread over the needle held in the left hand and knit two stitches for one, then knit one and wind the thread twice around the left hand needle, narrow and knit three, which are the remaining stitches.

The third time across knit plainly five stitches, seam one, knit four over, narrow, and knit one.

Fourth row, knit two over, narrow and knit seven.

Fifth row, knit eight stitches, put the thread over once, narrow, knit one.

Sixth row, knit two, over, narrow and knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit two.

Seventh row, knit four, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit two, put the thread over once, narrow and knit one.

Eighth row, knit two, over, narrow, knit nine. Last row before repeating, bind off three; this forms the scallop; knit six, over, narrow and knit one.

By the time half of a yard is finished, most every knitter is able to bear in mind how each row is executed. It will be observed that there are nine different rows that form the pattern, when repeating begins.

This fashion of edging is artistic and trims very prettily. The wide Tunisian lace is very handsome, and trims to splendid advantage cotton costumes; it is not difficult to make; the pattern given in detail requires thirty-one stitches to be cast on No. 13 needles: The first knit three, put the thread over the left hand needle, narrow once, knit three, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, knit one, over, knit six; second time across knit six, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, knit two, over, knit three, over, narrow, narrow again, over, knit five, over, slip one, narrow and throw over this stitch, the slipped one, over, knit five, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, put over the thread, knit five, over, knit six; fourth row across, cast off four (this forms the scallop), knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one; fifth row, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three; sixth and last row (when repeating begins), knit three, over, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit five, slip one, narrow, throw over the stitch slipped, over, knit five, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit one. The detailed perusal of this lace pattern may appear somewhat intricate to some, but after a little experience in the knitting this trouble is quickly removed, and the knittor will observe that there is considerable repetition, which greatly simplifies the execution. An easy, yet artistic pattern of a child's collar, requiring twenty-eight stitches to be cast on needles, corresponding to the size of the linen thread selected: The first time across knit plainly, then knit three stitches, narrow, knit two, over, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, narrow, knit four, narrow, knit two, over, knit one. The second row is purled. Third row, knit two, narrow, knit two, over, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, narrow, knit two, narrow, knit two, over, knit three, over, narrow, over, knit one. Fourth row purled. Fifth row, knit one, narrow, knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, narrow twice, knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, over, knit one. Sixth row is purled. Seventh time across, knit six, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit two, narrow, knit two, narrow, knit one, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow. Eighth row purled. Ninth, knit five, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit two, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, over, narrow. Tenth plain. Eleventh row, knit four, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, knit two, narrow twice, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow. This design of collar is showy, and although presenting a variety of changes it is not at all difficult to knit.

Correspondence.

LIZZIE, (Thoroughfare, N. J.)—Four years.

LOU, (Camden, N. J.)—At present we have all we want.

K. M. C., (Rock Hill, S. C.)—Not at all; just the reverse.

T. F. B., (Chicago, Ill.)—Consult your family physician in the matter.

W. T. D., (Tangle, La.)—Certainly not. 2. Your writing is good, but can be greatly improved.

L. P., (Washington, D. C.)—The idea is a good one, and we advise you to follow it up. 2. We think not.

C. L. M., (Solon, Iowa.)—We advise you to accept the position. 2. The young lady has no right to interfere.

W. S. T., (Crescent City, Cal.)—We think you had better not write until you hear from him. It is his place under the circumstances to do so.

E. M. S., (Wanshard, Wis.)—We know nothing of any such firm. 2. Make inquiry for the material at any of the millinery or other shops of your city.

B. M. W., (Winchester, Pa.)—It would be too much trouble to look the poem up. If you send us a copy we will look it over and consider your proposition.

M. M. T., (Newport, N. J.)—It would be anything but an easy matter to search our files for the extract mentioned. If you have it convenient and care to send it on, we will think the matter over.

A. B. H., (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—Write to Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, Pa. 2. Your handwriting would indicate a person of strong general character, well-informed, independent, neat and tasteful. It is clear, easily read, and altogether excellent.

AGNES, (New Haven, Conn.)—It is a tradition among lovers that it is unlucky to exchange portraits, but it is now-a-days so generally done without any evil consequences following, that you may give your sweetheart your portrait and accept his in return with very little fear.

M. M. L., (Wheeling, Va.)—Of course they worship God. They found their faith on the Bible, and have reasons entirely satisfactory to themselves for thinking as they do. We cannot give full particulars, but any of your friends, we have no doubt, of that belief, will be glad to enlighten you.

A. L. M., (Norristown, Pa.)—The gentleman would not have neglected you in this way if he had loved you. You acted very properly in hiding your affection for him. Until a man gives some token of love, and shows a desire to win affection, a young lady should be very coy in the display of her feelings. The gentleman may call upon you. Treat him very nicely, but let him do the love-making.

S. D. G., (Ford, Mich.)—If you are patient you probably will win your lady-love. She is, perhaps, doubtful of herself, and like most young ladies somewhat capricious at times. You must not regard her moods too seriously, but endeavor by kindness, generosity, and gentle attentions to woo her affection. A man must always show himself strong and kind in dealing with one of the opposite sex whom he wishes to love him.

L. M. F., (Bush Hill, N. C.)—The order of Knights Templar was originally founded at Jerusalem, in the beginning of the twelfth century, by Hugues de Pagnans, Geoffrey de St. Omer, and by seven other French knights, for the protection of the Holy Sepulchre and of pilgrims visiting it. They were originally known as the "Poor Soldiers of the Temple of Solomon," which was afterward abbreviated into "Templars."

H. S. T., (Summerville, Pa.)—If both parties wear gloves, it is not necessary that each remove them in shaking hands; if one, however, has ungloved hands, it is courtesy for the other to remove the glove, unless in so doing it would cause an awkward pause, in which case apologize for not removing it by saying, "Excuse my glove." The words and forms will always very much depend upon circumstances, of which individuals themselves can best judge.

T. E. M., (Toland, Conn.)—A letter of introduction should be written upon the best notepaper, with an envelope to correspond, and of a fashionable size and shape. No precise form of wording is necessary, the object to be kept in view being the expression of an earnest desire to have the friend whom it introduces received into the good esteem of the one addressed. Letters of this kind should never be sealed, and should bear upon the envelope, in the left-hand corner, the name and address of the person introduced.

K. E. B., (Phila., Pa.)—The association of the signs of the Zodiac with the principal parts of the human body is very ancient; it certainly existed among the ancient Egyptians, and was determined by different reasons, most of which are unknown to us. The ordinary arrangement is simple, and its plan obvious. The Ram, the first sign into which the sun enters in spring, presides over the head; the second, the Bull, over the neck; the third, the Twins, over the arms; and so on down to the Fishes, the last sign of winter, which presides over the feet. The association of the first sign of the year with the head is so natural as hardly to need explanation, and the rest follow naturally.

MABLE, (Woodbury, N. J.)—There are some daughters who cannot get along with their own mothers, and marrying, bring reproach upon the mothers of their husbands, and discord into homes that were always peaceful ones until they entered them. It is the manner that does all this. A daughter who has been trained to show the same consideration for members of the family as for persons outside it, whose good opinions she desires to win, will not bring the apple of discord into the home which her husband takes her to, even though there be a mother-in-law in it. Such causes as she may fancy she has for complaint she will shut up in her own heart, and her love for her husband will increase in proportion to the love and respect which he shows his mother, knowing well that good sons make good husbands, and that where true affections exist in a home circle, it is the work of a demon to seek to disturb it.